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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE SULLIVAN VS. MITCHELL ILLUSTRATED POLICE SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

HOW THE FIRE OF PATRIOTISM IS KEPT ALIVE BY THE DESCENDANTS OF OUR REVOLUTIONARY HEROES—PREPARING FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY AT THE HOME OF A KNICKERBOCKER FAMILY ON THE HUDSON.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, July 12, 1884.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE
AND

WEEK'S DOINGS

The Greatest Sporting, Theatrical and Sensational Papers in America, sent to any address in one wrapper for three months on receipt of \$1.50

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RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

A FAIR WARNING.

ONE Richard Patton last week sued Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of this journal, in the City Court, before Justice McAdam, because we had stated that he had induced men to give bogus bonds in the United States Circuit Court in this city (a full report of the proceedings is given on page 3). Patton had an idea that his character was worth just \$2,000, and he brought suit against us for that amount. The result was that a jury decided that his character was not worth one cent in damages, and he was also mulcted in costs, to which an additional two and one-half per cent. was given to Mr. Fox's counsel, Col. Chas. S. Spencer.

While we do not assert that this bogus bond procured brought his action for purposes of blackmail, we know that there are men in this city who bring suits against newspapers simply in order to "settle" for one or two hundred dollars. Even if successful in a libel suit, the publisher of a newspaper has to pay a good-sized bill for legal expenses, collection of proof, etc. The sum generally amounts to considerable, so it would be economy on the part of a publisher to accede to the demands of the vampires who bring bogus libel suits, and give them a couple of hundred dollars to withdraw.

With the POLICE GAZETTE, however, the case is different. We employ counsel by the year, and twenty suits would cost us no more in counsel fees than one. Everything we publish in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE is verified as far as possible. We never attack a man through malice, but we seek to present the events of life in a correct and attractive manner. In case we publish a report, it is always based on good grounds, as Patton has now found to his cost. If his defeated counsel had allowed his defeated client to go on the stand, we were ready to give him some unpalatable truths regarding his career, which we had unearthed, in Boston. While his counsel did not handle the case in a manner that would bring victory to him, he was just astute enough to keep the fellow off the witness-stand.

We hereby give notice that we are ready to contest every such suit brought against us. We have a long purse and do not propose to be beaten. While we are ready at all times to make the *amende honorable* in case we have unintentionally injured any man in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, we will fight the vampires to the bitter end, carrying their cases to the Court of Appeals if necessary. And we hereby give due notice to dull lawyers who may work on shares in these cases, that if they think they can "settle" by bringing suits against us, they were never so much mistaken in their lives. The POLICE GAZETTE never has attacked and never will maliciously attack any man. It has invariably been fair and open, and its methods are free for inspection in the full light of day. Knowing, therefore, that we are right, we do not propose to be intimidated or coerced, and the people who undertake the task will find that they have a contract they cannot fulfill, so long as there are law, justice, and equity—the foundation on which we stand.

A MATERIALIZING medium has issued a challenge to Brother Talmage to meet her in an open argument on Spiritualism. Here is an opportunity for the Brooklyn pastor to make the greatest effort of his life.

EXTRA!

SULLIVAN KNOCKED OUT

In a Preparatory Round With King Alcohol He is Completely Floored.

THE GREAT FIZZLE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

The Great American Champion Fails to Meet Mitchell.

GENEROUS CONDUCT OF THE PLUCKY LITTLE ENGLISHMAN.

He Was on Time and Ready to Spar, but Respected the Weakness of His Opponent.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

The meeting between Sullivan and Mitchell, announced to take place at Madison Square Garden, on June 30, was looked forward to as the most memorable event in the history of pugilism in this vicinity. The widespread interest it aroused all over the country was unparalleled. The contest was between the greatest pugilist of the nineteenth century and one who, if he continues to add to the fame he has gained, may yet win and wear the champion's not only of England but America.

It resulted, however, in one of the greatest fizzles that has ever taken place in the memorable garden.

One of the largest crowds ever gathered in this city was present to witness the contest, and after sweltering for hours looking at some sparring by parties who were good enough in their line, the spectators were turned away disappointed at not seeing what they had paid to witness. Sullivan made a maudlin speech stating that he was in no condition to spar. It was very evident he was not, but it was equally apparent that he had been having a severe tussle with King Alcohol, and had been knocked out by that old bruiser before time was called for the Boston boy to meet the young Englishman.

Both Mitchell and Sullivan had met before within the 24-foot ring. The pugilists met to box four three-minute rounds at Madison Square Garden on May 14, 1884. The following was the POLICE GAZETTE report of the battle:

After Al. Smith called time both pugilists went right to work. Sullivan, in his usual off-hand, rushing style, dashed in at Mitchell, as if to annihilate him, swinging left and right with tremendous quickness and determination, expecting to land a terrific steam-hammer blow on the English champion's neck and end the contest. Mitchell electrified the crowd in the first round by a series of new ring tactics, landing his left with terrible force several times on the "mark," which must have made the champion feel anything but easy, and then when the champion would again swing his right, hoping to knock Mitchell out, the Englishman would evade the terribly dangerous blows and make a grand rally. Sullivan followed Mitchell up all over the stage, sending in tremendous blows, many of which landed, but not on the spot intended, but he managed to knock him down several times. Mitchell also knocked Sullivan down—clean off his pins, and it was the cleanest knock-down ever seen. The first round ended at the expiration of the specified three minutes without either having the advantage.

In the second round Sullivan knocked Mitchell around a la Tug Wilson, and fought Mitchell to the ropes, and knocked him down. Mitchell fell over the ropes off the stage, injuring his back, and his friends looked blue.

In the third round Sullivan forced the fighting and several times he floored Mitchell, but the plucky pugilist, who was overmatched, gamely faced the music. Finally after a grand rally and any amount of slugging, Sullivan bore Mitchell to the ropes, fought him down and fell on top of him. Mitchell was apparently dazed when he got up, but was going to continue when Capt. Williams jumped on the stage and stopped the affair.

The only possibility of Sullivan's winning was by a "knock-out blow," against which Mitchell exercised every precaution. Mitchell's display of new ring tactics and science fully equalled in brilliancy what had been anticipated by us, and he fully confirmed the high opinion entertained of him as a boxer, showing himself to be very clever two-handed fighter, and one of the hardest and most punishing hitters for his size ever seen in the ring; cool and collected, he was ever ready to take advantage of any mistake of an opening presented by Sullivan, while his gameness was indisputable.

Sullivan's avoirdupois, however, was too much for the plucky Englishman, but he failed to knock him out, and it is an open question whether he would have done so if the mill had been finished. The receipts were estimated at \$16,000.

Ever since that contest Mitchell has been eager to again meet his great rival. Sullivan went on an eight months' tour and Mitchell went to England. All expectations of the rival champions meeting again were abandoned until Mitchell returned to New York, when he announced that he was still anxious to meet Sullivan. When Sullivan was made aware of that fact he said he would give Mitchell the first chance on his return to the East.

On May 26 Sullivan returned to New York with his combination, having come to the Empire City with the express determination of challenging the winner of the Mitchell and Cleary glove contest. The latter match did not take place and Sullivan said he was willing to meet Mitchell. A meeting was arranged at the Ashland House, when Mitchell went up to Sullivan,

and said that he was willing to stand before him again if the champion would agree to reasonable terms. Sullivan jumped to his feet, and his friends became alarmed. They afterward explained that they had feared the champion meant to make mincemeat of Mitchell on the spot. To their gratification, however, Sullivan did not rise in anger. A pleasant smile played around the corners of his handsome mouth, and, extending his hand to Mitchell, he addressed him in terms of cordiality.

"Charlie," said he, "I now wish to say that you are the best man I ever put on the gloves with, and I shall be happy to give you a chance to redeem yourself. I see you have grown bigger since we last met, and I hope you have improved in other respects."

"How am I to fight you?" asked Mitchell.

"Marquis of Queensberry rules; the winner to take two-thirds and the loser onethird."

The terms were accepted, and on Sullivan's return to Boston he telephoned to Al. Smith, his manager, to make the necessary arrangements. At Billy Madden's sporting saloon, 120 East Thirteenth street, on June 6, Mitchell, Madden, Al. Smith and a host of sporting men, met to arrange the great match. Al. Smith represented Sullivan, and he lost no time in settling the matter, and articles of agreement were drawn up and signed. The following is a copy:

"*Articles of Agreement* made this sixth day of June, 1884, between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and Charles Mitchell, of England: The said John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell agree to spar four rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules, on Monday evening, the 30th inst. The receipts of the house, after paying all necessary expenses, shall be divided as follows: Sixty-five per cent. to one party, and thirty-five per cent. to the other party. A referee and time-keeper shall be selected by the said parties. The winner shall receive the larger proportion—namely, sixty-five per cent.—at the termination of the exhibition. John L. Sullivan shall furnish suitable gloves."

Sullivan, as soon as the match was a fixed fact, went into training under the mentorship of Pete McCoy, his sturdy henchman, who has followed his colors since he first flaunted them to the breeze. The champion's training consisted of playing handball, boxing at a bag, playing baseball, etc. At the time Sullivan went into training he weighed 227 pounds, but when he reduced his weight to about 190 pounds. Mitchell went to Pleasure Bay, New Jersey, to train. He placed himself under the mentorship of Billy Madden, who induced him to come to America, and has, by his advice and skill, made his protege known and appreciated in this country.

Mitchell weighed 185 pounds when he commenced to train, but on the 26th ult. he caught malaria, which upset his whole system. In spite of his sickness he decided to meet the champion, win or lose, rather than disappoint the public. Sullivan left Boston on the 29th ult., accompanied by a large delegation of sporting men, and arrived in New York on June 30. He engaged rooms at the Ashland House, where he received many callers. Mitchell arrived in this city on the 30th, from Long Branch. He made his Compton House his headquarters.

All day Monday, June 30, the sporting houses were packed with local and visiting sporting men, who were discussing the merits of the pugilists. Crowds from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and even more distant points, had come on to witness the great fistic display between the champion pugilists of the Old and the New World.

At 5 P. M., fully four hours before the rival gladiators were to meet in battle array, a tremendous throng swarmed every street and avenue leading to the modern Fives Court. Tickets were retailing at \$2 each, and they were sold like hot cakes to the sweltering mass of humanity who were eager to see the encounter.

New England sent a large delegation, and they came to the metropolis and confidently backed the Bostonian, putting up their money lavishly and expressing the utmost confidence in his ability to either stop or knock Mitchell out.

The mammoth garden, which will seat 13,500 persons, was packed by all classes, all grades and shades of humanity, from the bootblack to the millionaire.

Among the crowd present were David Scott, Esq., Paymaster Cunningham, U. S. N.; Supervisor P. Pickett, of Brooklyn; Michael Kelly, police commissioner of Flatbush; Col. J. Crook, Chas. E. Davis, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Wright Sanford, John Kelly, Judge Dan O'Reilly, County Clerk Keenan, Richard K. Fox, Ernest Staples, Wm. R. Travers, C. E. Sandys, Chas. Reilly, Esq., Col. Brown, Youngstown, O.; Larry O'Brien, Harry Genet, John Charles, of Baltimore; James W. Clark, of Scranton, Pa.; Charles Goodwin, of Baltimore; Samuel Carpenter, Esq., general passenger agent P. R. R.; Chas. M. Reynolds, Wm. B. Somerville, President Press Bureau; Algernon Sullivan, Judge Weide, Judge Smith, Joe Acton, Arthur Chambers, of Philadelphia; Henry Murphy, of Salem; Geo. Fulljames, Mart. Malone, John Davey, of Buffalo; Happy Jack Smith, Patrick Lyons, of Buffalo; Patrick Fitzgerald, the walker; Coroner Robinson, Alderman Gleason, Michael Kearney, Long Island City; Wm. Madden and John Devenny, Greenpoint; Tom Sweeney, New Haven, Conn.; James W. Clark, Scranton, Pa.; Jim Kieran, Baltimore, Md.; Steve Taylor, Jack Burke, Young Nixey, Denny Costigan, Register John Reilly, Aug. T. Docherly, Mike Sullivan, Mike Gleason, Hugh Coyle, John J. Kilbride; Jack Stewart, Joe Goss, Patsy Sheppard, James Keenan, Dave Blanchard, Jack Gallagher, Frank Moran, Pete McCoy, Mike Gillespie, John E. Sullivan, John J. Sullivan, Jack Kilrain, Tim McCarthy, Boston, Mass.; Lewis Dunmoot, Mr. Cook, Wm. Mahoney, Richard E. Barry, Wm. H. Stevens, Ned Gagans, Capt. F. F. Bibber, Edwin Morse, John Scanlan, Billy Tracey, John Leahy, Tom Draper, Harry Edwards, Abe Coakley, Jim McManus, Hon. John McManus, Hon. J. H. McCarthy; Aldermen Grant, Kirk, Duffy, Cleary, O'Neill, Sheehan, Fitzpatrick, Farley, McCabe, Reilly, McLaughlin; Judges Duffy, Gorman, and White; John J. O'Brien, Bob McCord, Ed. Mulry, Bob Lang, Barney O'Rourke, James Trelnor, Frank Stevenson, Harry Miner, James W. Clark, Mike Cleary, Billy Campbell, Geo. Hall, Harry Snellbaker, Pat Hickey, Geo. Werfelman, Joe Burns, Major Whalen, Dennis Considine, Capt. Jas. C. Daly, Ed. Mallahan, Joe O'Donnell, Al. Smith, Bob Smith, Johnny Saunders, John Flynn, Warren Lewis, Jack Dempsey, H. H. Stoddard, Charley Norton, Billy Edwards, Bryan McSwyne, The Alien, Wm. Watson, John H. Cusick, Tim Flynn, John Regan, Tom Radley, Hen Rice, Barney Aaron, Jim Wakely, Pete Coffee, Tom Gould, Ed. S. Stokes, Jim Barclay, Michael Heumann, John Woods, Harry Webb, Aug. F. Tuthill, Capt. Tuinill, Larry McDonald, Dooney Harris, Ex-Assemblyman Brogan, Geo. Cassidy, O'Donovan Rossa, Jerry Hartigan, Jack Styles, Mike Costello, Johnnie

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The crowd in the Garden at 8 P. M. was nearly 12,000. Capt. Williams had a large force of police on hand, and the best of order prevailed. Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager, and Hugh Coyle, who had charge of the arrangements for the exhibition, left no stone unturned to make the affair a success. Shortly after 8 o'clock, Billy Madden appointed J. Hyland master of ceremonies. Benny Williams and J. Crysler were then introduced to the large audience and made a rattling set-to. Gus Hill, the champion club-swinger, then ascended the stage, and a delegation of the POLICE GAZETTE patrol lifted the Richard K. Fox champion club, weighing 115 pounds, on the stage and Hill gave a first-class exhibition. Steve Taylor and Mike Donovan made a rattling set-to, and Pete McCoy and Prof. John J. Bagley, of Washington, gave a splendid display of boxing. Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy then ascended the stage, and on time being called, they went at one another amid the cheers of the crowd. Kelly knocked Jerry Murphy down, and cheers rent the air. On went the struggle, and, in the last round, Murphy knocked Kelly down twice, which raised fresh excitement. After the great set-to between these noted boxers, Johnnie Flies made a great set-to with young Tom Allen. Denny Costigan and Young Nixey followed. Joe Fowler and George Young then ascended the stage, and various rumors spread round the hall that Sullivan was drunk, and was locked up in a room. In the box-office Sullivan sat down, and it was plain to be seen that the wine he had been drinking at the Ashland House had affected him. Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager, was disgusted. He was sorry that the public were not going to see the champion in a fit state to meet Mitchell. Just as every one of the 12,000 anxious spectators were beginning to grow restless, the tall form of Sullivan was seen coming from the Madison avenue entrance, followed by Billy Mahoney, Pete McCoy and Capt. Williams. Sullivan mounted the stage, followed by Capt. Alexander Williams, and taking off his hat he staggered to the ropes and said:

"Gentlemen (hic) I am sick and not able to box. The doctor is here, and this is the first time I disappointed you."

The announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the crowd, and some said, "He is afraid." Another said, "He is drunk." "Yes," said another, "he is no good."

Amid hisses, groans and cat-calls Charley Mitchell, followed by Billy Madden, ascended the stage. Intense cheering followed, but a motion of Capt. Williams' club was the signal for Sullivan to stagger down the steps of the stage, and followed by a crowd of disappointed sporting men, he left the Garden.

Mitchell then asked Billy Madden if he should give an exhibition. Madden said yes, and Mitchell went to the ropes on the north side of the stage and said: "Gentlemen, I am prepared to box with Sullivan, but he claims he is sick, and it would not be fair for me to meet him, as I am feeling pretty good myself." Three cheers were given for Mitchell, which made the building shake. Captain Williams then beckoned Mitchell to leave the stage, and he left, the hero of the hour.

Every one praised Mitchell, but no one had a good word for Sullivan. Every one connected with him was disgusted, and mortified with the champion's conduct. Those who paid \$2 for boxes, and \$2 for seats, were badly victimized. No one was to blame but Sullivan. Al. Smith said to Richard K. Fox that he would not have the affair end in such a fizzle for \$5,000, but he could not prevent it.

Sullivan, after he arrived at the hotel, informed the POLICE GAZETTE representative that he owed the public an apology. He regretted that he had drunk too much wine, but he would return to Boston, abstain from drinking and then meet Mitchell and defeat him. Mitchell was greatly disappointed. He said: "I am confident I should have defeated Sullivan, and I am very sorry the public, who paid to see us box, were disappointed; but no one can blame me, for I am ready to box Sullivan any time he is ready, and will meet Al. Smith at Richard K. Fox's office at any time to arrange another match." The receipts of the Garden were about \$12,000, of which, according to the agreement, Mitchell was to receive 35 per cent., which would amount to \$4,000.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Frisky Actors Frolicking on the Stage and in Agents' Offices.

Echoes of Next Season Flashing Over the Theatrical Telephone—Theatrical Pranks in the Country.

COMLEY—"Billy" Comley doesn't feel quite so sure that he knows it all now as he did five years ago.

LEVY.—It is darkly rumored that Levy, the cornetist, will, next summer, have a band of his own of four pieces on a Staten Island ferry-boat.

HEDLEY.—Catherine Rogers' eldest daughter has married a very bright and clever young fellow who rejoices in the absurd name of King Hedley.

GROVER.—Len Grover is mentioned as the possible manager of the Philadelphia Academy of Music. The directors must have a lot of money to get rid of.

ROWE.—"Jack" Rowe is now bottling beer for a living in his native Pittsburgh. There seems to be a vague impression current that the only bottle used by Mr. Rowe is himself.

WARD.—The real cause of Sam Ward's death has just leaked out. He accidentally came across one of Stephen Massett's visiting cards, and the smell killed him. No wonder. He was an old man.

PYMPLETON.—Ebenezer Pympleton will spend next summer in the Catskills. Let the whole world rejoice and be glad—especially that portion of it which is situated some distance from Ebenezer's summer home.

RANKIN.—Another member of the Rankin family has gone into the show business. This time it is George, brother of the fickle and fascinating McKee, who has opened a small theatre somewhere in Canada.

HERNDON.—Agnes Herndon has left her husband, Jessel. With the permission of Mr. Edward Clayburgh, we desire to amend this paragraph with the statement that Miss Lillian Spencer has gone and done likewise.

ROBE.—Mr. Lester Wallack has engaged a new juvenile lady in London who rejoices in the name of Miss Annie Robe. So if he can't give us his theatre in a new dress he can, at all events, give us a new Robe in his company.

BOUCICAULT.—Dion Boucicault's "new" play, to be produced in London, is called "The Nine Lives of Fin McCoull." Fin isn't a patch on Dion, who, regarded from every possible point of view, has had ten times that number of careers.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell is to appear in "Black-Eyed Susan" at the Alhambra in London. It is generally understood that she will play the young lady of the ebon optics, and that little Teddy Solomon will contribute the appropriate black eyes.

MORRIS.—Tom Morris was asked the other day by a prominent artist to sit for him as a model. "I suppose," said Tom, with a proud smile, "you want my figure for an Apollo?" "No," replied the painter. "I want your face—for a Western sunset."

OPERA.—Grand Opera is dead in Paris. The real "swells" have given it the most refrigerated variety of vibration, and hereafter the Italian banditti, who disguise themselves as tenors and prima-donnas, will have to look elsewhere for their plunder.

SULLIVAN.—Barry Sullivan is on his way to make a farewell tour of the United States, whither Bandman has preceded him. A few years from now the mere announcement of such a fact will be sufficient to bring on a war between this country and England.

QUITE RIGHT.—In Vienna when a theatre burns down, they arrest all hands, from the manager down to the stage door keeper. This shows a very advanced state of civilization, and one which we Americans might emulate with great advantage to ourselves.

PANIC.—It is said that the town of Tucson, in Arizona, is in a state of panic. About fifty actors, legitimate and variety, have been "left" there by defaulting managers, and there are to paint the town a brilliant crimson. There is no limit to the atrocities of which an actor can be guilty when he is shut off from his beer.

OSBORNE.—Rose Osborne has arrived from England and will star down South in Mrs. Kendall's version of "Clara." The original wrong wrought on Miss Osborne by the South which justifies this cruel revenge on her part has not been disclosed yet. She must, however, have suffered terribly.

GOODWIN.—Frankie Goodwin, the boy manager with the gray hair, says that he is going to manage Clara Morris next season, and this, too, in spite of the fact that it is announced that Edwin Booth and Clara Morris will appear, under the management of a Boston syndicate, on alternate nights.

CASTLETON.—Kate Castleton is kicking up her heels again, and her secession from the "Pop" company broke it up. This fact explains the hilarious gayety which has characterized the recent behavior of Mr. Mark Tapley Rice, who owes, it is said, more money this year than he ever did before.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett's daughter some time ago married an alleged German baron. Lawrence Barrett's season in London has also been barren of pecuniary success. Louis James and the rest of his company rue the day they were entrapped into sharing Barrett's act of sacrifice on the altar of his own inordinate vanity.

DAVIS.—Gen. Paresis Davis is back again, and the boom in chandelier drops is said to be correspondingly heavy. Decanter-stoppers are quoted at fabulous figures, and Davis is in active negotiation with the Hoffman House bar for all its broken tumbler-bottoms. His wink and the inviting expression of his off eye are just as effective as ever.

OLCOTT.—There seems reason to apprehend that Miss Lillian Olcott will change her mind next season and make an attempt, once more, to star in opposition to Mary Anderson. Miss Olcott, in her last essay, got no further than the posting of her bills. This time she says it will be play or pay—albeit some of her friends declare it will be both.

WEED.—Poor, silly little Harry Weed will "rest for the summer" in Bloomingdale next year if he persists in his absurd attempt to be a manager. He hasn't got one quality to insure success—and the fact that he has money only confirms this gloomy view of his case. No manager who ever amounted to anything ever had a dollar of his own.

MANSFIELD.—A bitter enemy of Richard Swellman Mansfield has cruelly started the report that Richard intends to inflict a Parisian romance on the London public. As a logical consequence Richard of the expanded cranium has to be escorted in the streets of London by a couple of armed policemen. Even under those circumstances his life is not safe.

PERZEL.—Miss Marie Prescott-Perzel says she wrote "Zicka" in partnership with Theophile Gautier. Theophile Gautier died twenty years ago, and stopped writing over forty years ago. Delicacy prevents us from pointing to the obvious connection between these facts and the claim of Miss Marie Prescott-Perzel to be considered "just twenty-five, you know."

CERTAINLY.—As soon as Olivet, the fellow who wrote the *Maître des Forges*, had made \$200,000 by his play and novel, he sent to the stage hands of the theatre in which it was originally produced the munificent and princely gift of \$10. And yet when he was a literary man, pure and simple, before he had yielded to the infection of the stage, he was renowned for his generosity.

ROONEY.—"Pat" Rooney is going on the legitimate stage. Why not, and therefore do the "legitimate" business of Union Square laugh and jeer? Wasn't the grandfather of Lester Wallack a tight-rope walker? Wasn't Stuart Robson a song-and-dance artist? Wasn't Ben Maginley a circus clown? Why, then, should Rooney be derided for going in for the legitimate?

COVENTRY.—A young woman named Julia Coventry died of tin-poisoning in Saratoga the other day, who spent thousands of dollars trying to become a popular actress. She died poor and comparatively friendless before she reached middle age—and in spite of her wasted thousands, not five hundred people in the entire country recollect ever having heard of her.

SOLDENE.—Emily Soldene is once more appearing in "La Fille de Mme. Angot" in a London music hall. She is surprised by her grandson, who is a rather stout, overripe and antiquated tenor. It is definitely announced that when her great-granddaughter has come of age, Soldene, aided and abetted by Lydia Thompson, will make another "farewell" tour of the United States in opposition to Lotta.

RIGOLD.—The bull-necked and beef-witted Cockney, who calls himself George Rignold, and who accused the entire American press of being an established blackmailing institution, is on his last legs, financially, in London. He is such an inveterate ass that he will probably come over here, with other played-out dramatic nuisances, to "farewell" this country. He ought to be received with a demonstration of kindred cabbage-heads.

MAJILTON.—The Majiltons who, with one Lisborne, advertised as a "side-splitting comedian," made such an unholly fizzle some time ago at the Fourteenth Street theatre, are now playing "Irish Aristocracy" in London. It is said to be regarded by Britshers as a huge practical joke, and they refuse to regard it as a play. "Wot hare ye givin' us?" inquires the indignant Briton when you tell him that Barry & Fay actually made it seem funny.

JANISCH.—What a hard-hearted, cruel old woman Modjeska has got to be! Not content with threatening to return to this country next fall, she has engaged Harry Sargent to "boom" another broken-English artiste—Mme. Janisch, otherwise the Countess d'Arco. The redeeming thing about it all is that "Rhea, the society favorite," stands a good chance of being knocked out by the new polyglot star. Rhea's fiasco in the West, by the way, is said to have been really pitiable.

SANGER.—Frank Sanger, who is one of the best fellows in the world, and whose dip into the troubled waters of theatrical management has brought him great profit, will have four companies in the field next season. Among them will be a "Dreams" combination, in which Jacques Kruger will play the part of a photographer. One of the features of the performance will be the instantaneous photographing of a five-dollar bill on its transit from Frank Sanger to James Barton Key.

FORD.—One of the brightest and most likable newspaper men in town, Ford, late of the *Sunday Courier*, is now business manager of the Eden Musee. This accounts for the fact that the Eden Musee is one of the best "noticed" places of amusement in New York. It is preferable to most theatres, as the members of its cero-comic company play their parts beautifully, wear good clothes, don't try to "mash" the ladies in the audience and never go on its stage in a state of intoxication.

BERNHARDT.—Sarah Bernhardt is so delighted with what she is pleased to call her success in "Macbeth" that she is going to play *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Jane Hadling. The translation is to be made by Sarah's latest lover, Jean Richepin. Then, like all the rest of them, she is coming back again to take another "farewell" of the United States—under the management of Henry E. Abbey. Abbey seems to be taking farewell of his sissiness—for if ever an actress was played out it is Sarah Bernhardt as an American attraction.

LANGTRY.—The news that Mrs. Langtry has signed a partnership agreement with Dion Boucicault is another proof of her extraordinary silliness and want of brains. In the days of her popularity, as a beauty, in London, it was said of her that she was the most senseless and imbecile woman who ever commanded male admiration. Boucicault's touch, nowadays, from a financial point of view, is poison, and by this time next year the Lily will be tearing her hair out by the handful and lamenting once more one more act of stupendous folly.

MALLORY.—The Mallorys are hopping mad over "Professor" Franklin Sargent's claim that the new theatrical Lyceum—for the propagation of bad amateur actors—is connected with the Madison Square. They naturally resent such a bold, unblushing attempt to "water" their present monopoly. Heaven knows that the Madison Square can do more in the bad amateur line in one season than poor little so-called "Professor" Franklin Sargent can accomplish during his whole lifetime. No wonder they're angry, and that the poor little "Professor" has been roundly talked to by the Brethren.

JOE'S MASHING MUSTACHE.

A Tonsorial Operation that Made a Jersey German Jump and Swear.

In addition to its big cemetery, fine harbor breezes, superb after-dark view of the Brooklyn bridge, its gasoline street lamps and three score of pretty girls, Greenville, N. J., embowered in vernal verdure, was, until Saturday, June 21, justly proud of the mustache of Mr. Joseph Reinl. Mr. Reinl is a rotund person, who follows the calling of a painter of cart-wheels, and for half a dozen years past, his mustache had been famous in the town as "Joe's mustache." It was of raven hue and luxuriantly long. For three years Barber Lefler, who shaved Mr. Reinl's ample chin, was accustomed to direct the attention of his assistant, Mr. Marx Schmidt, to the mustache as a model of its kind, and when Mr. Lefler some months ago tried to cut it off and failed, and in a fit of disgust threat sold out his business to Mr. Schmidt, the latter himself continued to praise the painter's superb facial ornament and dress it with care.

Saturday evening, when Mr. Reinl removed his collar and lay comfortably back in the barber chair, he gazed up at the low ceiling and casually remarked in the German tongue that by strange inadvertence he hadn't any money about him, but he hoped that Mr. Schmidt would shave him just the same. Mr. Schmidt, who is an agreeable young man, with a pretty wife and a bouncing baby, replied that he didn't mind a little thing like that, from a regular customer, who was good for the money and proceeded to paint both Mr. Reinl's chin and his handsome mustache with scapards, and ply his keen razor dexterously and pleasingly. When Mr. Reinl's beard was off, and he was still wrapped in the reverie produced by good barbering, Mr. Schmidt calmly continued to converse with his wife and remove the hairs of his customer's upper lip at the same time.

He had disposed of the abundant growth on one side when the painter suddenly turned his eyes from the ceiling to the mirror in front of him, and, jumping from the chair, flung a bundle of Sunday linen upon the sandied floor with the vehemence of wild indignation, leaped in the air till his head nearly struck the ceiling, and shook both fists furiously.

"Vot der diligens vor yo do dot?" he yelled, in a voice that brought the residents of Greenville avenue flocking to the door. "Mein Gott in Himmel! vot I do vor my mustash?"

Barber Schmidt swore at his assistant, slammed the door on his wife, and profusely assured Mr. Reinl that it was all a mistake.

"You can't go out that way, Joe," he added. "Sit down and let me take the rest off."

Mr. Reinl rammed a pretzel in his mouth to keep himself from swearing any more, picked up his scattered linen, and let the fatal razor mow down the last remnants of his once magnificent mustache. When the pretzel was gone his anger broke loose again, and he swore in Swedish, German, and broken English, and insisted that he would be avenged, even if he had to hire a lawyer.

On June 23, he climbed aboard a bobtail car and rode out to Justice Stirling's court in Jersey City, and complained of the loss of his mustache.

"All tay Sunray," he said, "der poy pull py my torp, und yell owid, 'How's your mustash, Yoe?' Dot parper Schmidt, he ask me der same dings, Shudge, it was er shame, und py gracious I want dot Schmidt arrested."

The warrant was issued, and all Greenville talked about the rape of the mustache. Painter Reinl was found slunk away in a corner, mournfully contemplating the wine that was red on the bar of his neighbor, Pluggy Reiley, on Ocean avenue, and drowning his sorrow in Greenville beer in the interval. Mr. Reiley plaintively begged that his patrons should not hurt Joe's feelings by referring to his loss, and Joe himself muttered, with a flashing eye, "that he was going to take his mustache into court." Barber Schmidt was discovered calmly cropping the hair of his brother-in-law's head, and waiting for the arrival of the warrant from Jersey City.

"This is simply a scheme to get money out of me," he said, clipping as he talked, "and it won't succeed. Joe has been put up to it by a rival barber."

PATTON'S FAILURE AT LAW.

Suing for Libel and Saddled with the Costs.

(From the *Daily News*, June 24, 1884.)

In Part I. of the City Court yesterday, Richard Patton, of 13 New Church street, sued Richard K. Fox for \$2,000 damages for alleged libel. In the *Police Gazette* on March 18, 1883, there appeared an article headed, "Patton tools Uncle Sam. He is caught at it and finds himself in a very tight box." The article stated that in the preceding February Patton was arrested, with Derrick Dawson, by United States officers and one of Inspector Byrne's men on a charge of giving bogus bonds in the United States Circuit Court. The circumstances that led to the arrest were these: Mrs. Mary Jane Smith, owner of certain patented laundry machines, obtained a judgment against W. G. Lewis, a wealthy Bostonian, before Judge Wheeler in the United States Circuit Court for \$3,037 on royalties. Lewis appealed the case, and Patton, said to be his agent in this city, undertook to furnish the necessary bond on appeal, the Court fixing the bond at \$8,000.

The bondsmen offered were Derrick Dawson and Joseph A. Hyatt, who each swore that he was worth \$10,000. Subsequently Hyatt made affidavit that he was induced to go on the bond by Patton, and to swear himself worth the sum named, Patton assuring him that "it didn't make any difference whether the surety was good, bad or indifferent, that going on the bond was only a matter of form."

Patton, he alleged, for such service offered him \$75, and promised him \$75 more when the bond should be completed. Hyatt spoke to Dawson about the matter, and the two signed the bond as sureties.

Hyatt swore that he owned the house 347 West

Thirty-third street, and that there were no judgments against him. Mr. Fox's paper, in its account of the matter, stated that Hyatt, at the time he so swore, did not own a dollar's worth of real estate, and that several judgments were pending against him. Hyatt also swore that Patton gave him \$75 after the bond was signed, which money he (Hyatt) divided with Dawson.

Patton complained that the publication charged him with subornation of perjury, namely, in procuring Hyatt and Hyatt to falsely swear themselves each worth \$10,000. Patton swore he was thereby "greatly injured in his reputation and business."

In answer, Mr. Fox, while admitting the publica-

tion, asserted its truthfulness and denied malice. And then Mr. Fox took the bull by the horns, and directly asserted, upon information and belief, that "through the willful agency and acts of Patton in the Smith-Lewis case, in the United States Circuit Court, a perjured and worthless bond was procured to be executed, and the approval of that false bond by Judge Wheeler was fraudulently obtained; that such bond was afterward officially declared to be fraudulent."

On behalf of Mr. Fox the witnesses were Judge Wheeler, of the United States Circuit Court; United States Commissioner Shields, Joseph H. Hyatt, William Ohbring, James Coddington and Henry J. Atwater.

The trial had its humorous touches by times. Col. Spencer, counsel for Mr. Fox, gravely asked the Assistant United States District Attorney if he knew whether Mr. Fox was the publisher of the *Christian at Work*. The District Attorney replied to the effect that, so far as he knew, it was possible; Mr. Fox, he had no doubt, was enterprising and versatile enough to publish that or any other paper that would pay.

The jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Fox. An additional allowance of two and one-half per cent, was given to Mr. Fox's counsel.

MUNCIE'S ENOCH ARDEN.

Return of a Lamented Indianian Who Had The Gold Fever of '49.

Muncie, Ind., has been agitated by the return of Thompson Walling from Weatherby, Oregon, to a wife whom he left thirty-five years ago, and whom he finds a widow after having been twice married during his absence. Fifty years ago, George Shafer, who went from Pennsylvania, was a well-to-do farmer in Muncie. Joseph Walling, a prosperous tanner, lived just outside of the then village of Muncietown, a cluster of log cabins and little houses, with a log court-house. Susannah Shafer, a daughter of the farmer, was just growing into womanhood, and young Thompson Walling, the tanner's son, became enamored of her, and, before the parents knew the truth, they were pledged to each other. On April 1, 1841, they were married, and among the guests were a youth and maiden friends of the bride and groom, now Mr. Volney Wilson and wife. The union was happy. Three children were born to Walling and his wife, one of whom died, leaving a boy and girl.

When the gold fever of 1849 broke out young Walling became a victim, and, with \$500 loaned to him by his friend, Volney Wilson, he left for California with Arch. Hamilton, Theo. Burt, Stephen Hamilton and son, Henry Wysor, Jas. Russy, Dr. Hathaway, Chas. McGlaughlin (the Railroad King, lately shot by his employee in San Francisco), Samuel Martin and others, now prominent citizens of Muncie. The mines of California and Idaho were successively tried, and one by one the party returned, save Walling, McGlaughlin and Russy, the latter of whom, with a man named Wood, met his death at the hands of the Indians. Time passed, and letters from Walling came less and less frequent. In 1852 a letter containing a draft for \$500 was received by Mrs. Walling. She never heard from him after that, and his silence was accepted as proof that he was dead. In fact, his father's estate at his death was administered as though young Walling was dead. His wife obtained a divorce, and in 1862 married Horatio F. Wilcoxon, who was killed in a saw mill in 1865. A year later she married Jeremiah Veach, who died two years ago. Then she lived with her son near Muncie.

Volney Wilson alone never shared the belief that Thompson Walling was dead. For years he spent all his leisure time writing letters of inquiry to out-of-the-way places on the Pacific Coast. One day in February last the deputy postmaster at Weatherby, Oregon, saw a letter postmarked Muncie, Ind., addressed to the postmaster. Opening it, he found that it was from his old friend Walling, inquiring for him. He, answering, gave the story of his life and misfortunes. Then he wrote to his wife, detailing his sorrows, his efforts to get home, his failures, his ill health, and his final conclusion that fate was against him, followed by a relapse into indifference. On June 18 Muncie was electrified to see him on the street. Before noon his son, now almost a middle-aged man,



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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A FAIR WARNING.

ONE Richard Patton last week sued Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of this journal, in the City Court, before Justice McAdam, because we had stated that he had induced men to give bogus bonds in the United States Circuit Court in this city (a full report of the proceedings is given on page 3). Patton had an idea that his character was worth just \$2,000, and he brought suit against us for that amount. The result was that a jury decided that his character was not worth one cent in damages, and he was also muled in costs, to which an additional two and one-half per cent. was given to Mr. Fox's counsel, Col. Chas. S. Spencer.

While we do not assert that this bogus bond procured brought his action for purposes of blackmail, we know that there are men in this city who bring suits against newspapers simply in order to "settle" for one or two hundred dollars. Even if successful in a libel suit, the publisher of a newspaper has to pay a good-sized bill for legal expenses, collection of proof, etc. The sum generally amounts to considerable, so it would be economy on the part of a publisher to accede to the demands of the vampires who bring bogus libel suits, and give them a couple of hundred dollars to withdraw.

With the POLICE GAZETTE, however, the case is different. We employ counsel by the year, and twenty suits would cost us no more in counsel fees than one. Everything we publish in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE is verified as far as possible. We never attack a man through malice, but we seek to present the events of life in a correct and attractive manner. In case we publish a report, it is always based on good grounds, as Patton has now found to his cost. If his defeated counsel had allowed his defeated client to go on the stand, we were ready to give him some unpalatable truths regarding his career, which we had unearthed, in Boston. While his counsel did not handle the case in a manner that would bring victory to him, he was just astute enough to keep the fellow off the witness-stand.

We hereby give notice that we are ready to contest every such suit brought against us. We have a long purse and do not propose to be beaten. While we are ready at all times to make the *amende honorable* in case we have unintentionally injured any man in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, we will fight the vampires to the bitter end, carrying their cases to the Court of Appeals if necessary. And we hereby give due notice to dull lawyers who may work on shares in these cases, that if they think they can make us "settle" by bringing suits against us, they were never so much mistaken in their lives. The POLICE GAZETTE never has attacked and never will maliciously attack any man. It has invariably been fair and open, and its methods are free for inspection in the full light of day. Knowing, therefore, that we are right, we do not propose to be intimidated or coerced, and the people who undertake the task will find that they have a contract they cannot fulfill, so long as there are law, justice, and equity—the foundation on which we stand.

A MATERIALIZING medium has issued a challenge to Brother Talmage to meet her in an open argument on Spiritualism. Here is an opportunity for the Brooklyn pastor to make the greatest effort of his life.

EXTRA!

SULLIVAN KNOCKED OUT

In a Preparatory Round With King Alcohol He is Completely Floored.

THE GREAT FIZZLE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

The Great American Champion Fails to Meet Mitchell.

GENEROUS CONDUCT OF THE PLUCKY LITTLE ENGLISHMAN.

He Was on Time and Ready to Spar, but Respected the Weakness of His Opponent.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

The meeting between Sullivan and Mitchell, announced to take place at Madison Square Garden, on June 30, was looked forward to as the most memorable event in the history of pugilism in this vicinity. The widespread interest it aroused all over the country was unparalleled. The contest was between the greatest pugilist of the nineteenth century and one who, if he continues to add to the fame he has gained, may yet win and wear the champion's belt not only of England but America.

It resulted, however, in one of the greatest fizzles that has ever taken place in the memorable garden.

One of the largest crowds ever gathered in this city was present to witness the contest, and after sweltering for hours looking at some sparring by parties who were good enough in their line, the spectators were turned away disappointed at not seeing what they had paid to witness. Sullivan made a maudlin speech stating that he was in no condition to spar. It was very evident he was not, but it was equally apparent that he had been having a severe tussle with King Alcohol, and had been knocked out by that old bruiser before time was called for the Boston boy to meet the young Englishman.

Both Mitchell and Sullivan had met before within the 24-foot ring. The pugilists met to box four three-minute rounds at Madison Square Garden on May 14, 1884. The following was the POLICE GAZETTE report of the battle:

After Al. Smith called time both pugilists went right to work. Sullivan, in his usual off-hand, rushing style, dashed in at Mitchell, as if to annihilate him, swinging left and right with tremendous quickness and determination, expecting to land a terrific steam-hammer blow on the English champion's neck and end the contest. Mitchell electrified the crowd in the first round by a series of new ring tactics, landing his left with terrible force several times on the "mark," which must have made the champion feel anything but easy, and then when the champion would again swing his right, hoping to knock Mitchell out, the Englishman would evade the terribly dangerous blows and make a grand rally. Sullivan followed Mitchell up all over the stage, sending in tremendous blows, many of which landed, but not on the spot intended, but he managed to knock him down several times. Mitchell also knocked Sullivan down—clean off his pins, and it was the cleanest knock-down ever seen. The first round ended at the expiration of the specified three minutes without either having the advantage.

In the second round Sullivan knocked Mitchell around a la Tug Wilson, and fought Mitchell to the ropes, and knocked him down. Mitchell fell over the ropes off the stage, injuring his back, and his friends looked blue.

In the third round Sullivan forced the fighting and several times he floored Mitchell, but the plucky pugilist, who was overmatched, gamely faced the music. Finally after a grand rally and any amount of slugging, Sullivan bore Mitchell to the ropes, fought him down and fell on top of him. Mitchell was apparently dazed when he got up, but was going to continue when Capt. Williams jumped on the stage and stopped the affair.

The only possibility of Sullivan's winning was by a "knock-out blow," against which Mitchell exercised every precaution. Mitchell's display of new ring tactics and science fully equaled in brilliancy what had been anticipated by us, and he fully confirmed the high opinion entertained of him as a boxer, showing himself to be a very clever two-handed fighter, and one of the hardest and most punishing hitters for his size ever seen in the ring; cool and collected, he was ever ready to take advantage of any mistake of an opening presented by Sullivan, while his gameness was indisputable.

Sullivan's avoirdupois, however, was too much for the plucky Englishman, but he failed to knock him out, and it is an open question whether he would have done so if the mill had been finished. The receipts were estimated at \$16,000.

Ever since that contest Mitchell has been eager to again meet his great rival. Sullivan went on an eight months' tour and Mitchell went to England. All expectations of the rival champions meeting again were abandoned until Mitchell returned to New York, when he announced that he was still anxious to meet Sullivan. When Sullivan was made aware of that fact he said he would give Mitchell the first chance on his return to the East.

On May 26 Sullivan returned to New York with his combination, having come to the Empire City with the express determination of challenging the winner of the Mitchell and Cleary glove contest. The latter match did not take place and Sullivan said he was willing to meet Mitchell. A meeting was arranged at the Ashland House, when Mitchell went up to Sullivan,

van, and said that he was willing to stand before him again if the champion would agree to reasonable terms. Sullivan jumped to his feet, and his friends became alarmed. They afterward explained that they had feared the champion meant to make mincemeat of Mitchell on the spot. To their gratification, however, Sullivan did not rise in anger. A pleasant smile played around the corners of his handsome mouth, and, extending his hand to Mitchell, he addressed him in terms of cordiality.

"Charlie," said he, "I now wish to say that you are the best man I ever put on the gloves with, and I shall be happy to give you a chance to redeem yourself. I see you have grown bigger since we last met, and I hope you have improved in other respects."

"How am I to fight you?" asked Mitchell.

"Marquis of Queensberry rules; the winner to take two-thirds and the loser one-third."

The terms were accepted, and on Sullivan's return to Boston he telegraphed to Al. Smith, his manager, to make the necessary arrangements. At Billy Madden's sporting saloon, 120 East Thirteenth street, on June 6, Mitchell, Madden, Al. Smith and a host of sporting men, met to arrange the great match. Al. Smith represented Sullivan, and he lost no time in settling the matter, and articles of agreement were drawn up and signed. The following is a copy:

"*Articles of Agreement* made this sixth day of June, 1884, between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and Charles Mitchell, of England: The said John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell agree to spar four rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules, on Monday evening, the 30th inst. The receipts of the house, after paying all necessary expenses, shall be divided as follows: Sixty-five per cent. to one party, and thirty-five per cent. to the other party. A referee and time-keeper shall be selected by the said parties. The winner shall receive the larger proportion—namely, sixty-five per cent.—at the termination of the exhibition. John L. Sullivan shall furnish suitable gloves."

Sullivan, as soon as the match was a fixed fact, went into training under the mentorship of Pete McCoy, his sturdy henchman, who has followed his colors since he first flaunted them to the breeze. The champion's training consisted of playing handball, boxing at a bag, playing baseball, etc. At the time Sullivan went into training he weighed 227 pounds, but by hard work he reduced his weight to about 190 pounds. Mitchell went to Pleasure Bay, New Jersey, to train. He placed himself under the mentorship of Billy Madden, who induced him to come to America, and has, by his advice and skill, made his *protege* known and appreciated in this country.

Mitchell weighed 185 pounds when he commenced to train, but on the 23rd ult. he caught malaria, which upset his whole system. In spite of his sickness he decided to meet the champion, win or lose, rather than disappoint the public. Sullivan left Boston on the 29th ult., accompanied by a large delegation of sporting men, and arrived in New York on June 30. He engaged rooms at the Ashland House, where he received many callers. Mitchell arrived in this city on the 30th, from Long Branch. He made the Compton House his headquarters.

All day Monday, June 30, the sporting houses were packed with local and visiting sporting men, who were discussing the merits of the pugilists. Crowds from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and even more distant points, had come on to witness the great fistic display between the champion pugilists of the Old and the New World.

At 5 P. M., fully four hours before the rival gladiators were to meet in battle array, a tremendous throng swarmed every street and avenue leading to the modern Fives Court. Tickets were retalling at \$2 each, and they were sold like hot cakes to the sweltering mass of humanity who were eager to see the encounter.

New England sent a large delegation, and they came to the metropolis and confidently backed the Bostonian, putting up their money lavishly and expressing the utmost confidence in his ability to either stop or knock Mitchell out.

The mammoth garden, which will seat 13,500 persons, was packed by all classes, all grades and shades of humanity, from the bootblack to the millionaire. Among the crowd present were David Scott, Esq., Paymaster Cunningham, U. S. N.; Supervisor P. Pickett, of Brooklyn; Michael Kelly, police commissioner of Flatbush; Col. J. Crook, Chas. E. Davis, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Wright Sanford, John Kelly, Judge Dan O'Reilly, County Clerk Keenan, Richard K. Fox, Ernest Staples, Wm. R. Travers, C. E. Sandys, Chas. Reilly, Esq., Col. Brown, Youngstown, O.; Larry O'Brien, Harry Genet, John Charles, of Baltimore; James W. Clark, of Scranton, Pa.; Charles Goodwin, of Baltimore; Samuel Carpenter, Esq., general passenger agent P. R. R.; Chas. M. Reynolds, Wm. B. Somerville, President Press Bureau; Algernon Sullivan, Judge Weld, Judge Smith, Joe Acton, Arthur Chambers of Philadelphia; Henry Murphy, of Salem; Geo. Fulljames, Mart. Malone, John Davey, of Buffalo; Happy Jack Smith, Patrick Lyons, of Buffalo; Patrick Fitzpatrick, the walker; Coroner Robinson, Alderman Gleason, Michael Kearney, Long Island City; Wm. Madden and John Devenney, Greenpoint; Tom Sweeney, New Haven, Conn.; James W. Clark, of Scranton, Pa.; Jim Kerman, Baltimore, Md.; Steve Taylor, Jack Burke, Young Nixey, Denny Costigan, Register John Reilly, Aug. T. Doherty, Mike Sullivan, Mike Gleason, Hugh Coyle, John J. Kilbride; Jack Stewart, Joe Goss, Patsy Sheppard, James Keenan, Dave Blanchard, Jack Gallagher, Frank Moran, Pete McCoy, Mike Gillespie, John E. Sullivan, John J. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Tim McCarthy, Boston, Mass.; Lewis Dunnerton, Mr. Cook, Wm. Mahoney, Richard E. Barry, Wm. H. Stevens, Ned Gagans, Capt. F. F. Bibber, Edwin Morse, John Scannel, Billy Tracey, John Leary, Tom Draper, Harry Edwards, Abe Coakley, Jim McManus, Hon. John McManus, Hon. J. H. McCarthy; Alderman Grant, Kirk, Duffy, Cleary, O'Neill, Shu's, Fitzpatrick, Farley, McCabe, Reilly, McLaughlin, Judges Duffy, Gorman, and White; John J. O'Brien, Bob McCord, Ed. Mulry, Bob Lang, Barney O'Rourke, James Trainor, Frank Stevenson, Harry Miner, James W. Clark, Mike Cleary, Billy Campbell, Geo. Hall, Harry Snellaker, Pat Hickey, Geo. Werfelman, Joe Burns, Major Whalen, Dennis Considine, Capt. Jas. C. Daly, Ed. Mallahan, Joe O'Donnell, Al. Smith, Bob Smith, Johnny Saunders, John Flynn, Warren Lewis, Jack Dempsey, H. H. Stoddard, Charley Norton, Billy Edwards, Bryan McSwyne, The. Allen, Wm. Watson, John H. Cusick, Tim Flynn, John Regan, Tom Radley, Hen Rice, Barney Aaron, Jim Wakely, Pete Coe, Tom Gould, Ed. Stokes, Jim Barclay, Michael Heumann, John Woods, Harry Webb, Aug. F. Tuthill, Capt. Tuthill, Larry McDonald, Dooney Harris, Ex-Assemblyman Brogan, Geo. Cassidy, O'Donovan Rossa, Jerry Hartigan, Jack Styles, Mike Costello, Johnnie

Opp., Roscoe Conkling, Hon. Mike Norton, Barney Biglin, Mike O'Regan, Police Commissioners Sid. P. Nichols, James Mathews, Joel W. Mason, Com. Thompson, Fire Commissioner Purroy, Fire Commissioner Croker, Hon. Wm. Oliffe, John W. Jacobus, Hon. Nicholas Haughton, Hon. Wm. P. Mitchell, Tommy Lynch, Alex. Davidson, County Clerk Keenan, John Keenan, Ed. Cahill, Col. Jim Mooney, Ed. Slevin, Owen Cavanagh, Morris Hyland, Judge Nehbras, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. Dewitt Talmage, Rev. Justin D. Fulton, ex-Senator Fitzgerald; Henry Murphy, Lynn, Mass.; T. Buckley, Taunton, Mass. In the Brooklyn delegation were: Boss McLaughlin, Jim Dunne, Corporal Fanner, Hon. J. J. Kiernan, Hon. J. C. Jacobs, Hon. Al. Daggett, Assemblymen Patrick Burns, P. J. Kelly, M. J. Coffey, Thos. F. Farrell, Geo. H. Lindsay, John Shanley, Charley Johnston, Geo. Engeman, Wm. McCoy, Prof. Wm. Clark, Wm. Muldoon, John J. Flynn, Mike Henry, Mike Donovan, Phil. Clare, James J. O'Brien, Pat Murphy, George Shirley, Frank Duffy, John M. Heney, Phil. Connell, Jas. Waters, Jim Cavanagh, Wm. H. Geary, John H. Galvin, Wm. J. Madden, Mike McDonald; Chas. E. Davies, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. Manz, Washington, D. C.; Jim Giddings; John Burke, Albany, N. Y.; John Dailey, Sing Sing; John H. Clark, Fred. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jimmy Patterson, Johnnie Stack, Tom Stewart, Peter Brennan, "Rocky" Moore, Ed. Owens, Billy McGuire, Tom Welsh, Judge Harry Ford, and Jake Patterson, Peter Duryea, Tom Davis, Alex. Newberger, Tom Canary, James Barker, Frank Tweed, J. O. Nay, Gabe Case, Johnnie Murphy, John Barry, Wm. Sexton, Inspectors Thorne, Dilks, Murray and Byrnes. Police Captains Williams, Murphy, Clinchy, McCullagh, Steers and Killiea, Barney McGuire, Pat Sharkey, Tom Denney, Tim McCarthy, Pat Campbell, John Stetson, Phil. Lynch, Ted Foley, John B. Borst, M. J. Mallahan, Ed. McManus, Chas. Moloy, Steve O'Brien, Barney Godwin, Billy Bennett, Pat Rey, Ed. Dew, Hen. Peckham, Herman Oelrichs, Mr. Pollock, Mr. Ames, Jas. O'Neill, Amos H. Wilkins, Jos. Murray, C. H. Flewitt, Mr. Dumar, Mr. Little, Jas. Clark, Mr. McDonald, John Lynch, L. P. Mallahan, Frank Mallahan, J. S. Smith, Toppo Maguire, Roscoe H. Channing, Ex-Judge Curtis, Geo. Law, Mr. Livingston, Jerry Coster, Joe Coburn, D. J. Johnston, Chas. Gunther, P. H. Hallinan, Richard Hanlon, Wm. Clark, Thos. Clark, J. H. Saunders, John J. Malone.

The crowd in the Garden at 8 P. M. was nearly 12,000. Capt. Williams had a large force of police on hand, and the best of order prevailed. Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager, and Hugh Coyle, who had charge of the arrangements for the exhibition, left no stone unturned to make the affair a success. Shortly after 8 o'clock, Billy Madden appointed J. Hyland master of ceremonies. Benny Williams and J. Crysler were then introduced to the large audience and made a rattling set-to. Gus Hill, the champion club-swinging, then ascended the stage, and a delegation of the POLICE GAZETTE patrol lifted the Richard K. Fox champion club, weighing 115 pounds, on the stage and Hill gave a first-class exhibition. Steve Taylor and Mike Donovan made a rattling set-to, and Pete McCoy and Prof. John J. Bagley, of Washington, gave a splendid display of boxing. Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy then ascended the stage, and in time being called, they went at one another amid the cheers of the crowd. Kelly knocked Jerry Murphy down, and cheers rent the air. On went the struggle, and, in the last round, Murphy knocked Kelly down twice, which raised fresh excitement. After the great set-to between these noted boxers, Johnny Fries made a great set-to with young Tom Allen, Denny Costigan and Young Nixey followed. Joe Fowler and George Young then ascended the stage, and various rumors spread round the hall that Sullivan was drunk, and was locked up in a room. In the box-office Sullivan sat down, and it was plain to be seen that the wine he had been drinking at the Ashland House had affected him. Al. Smith, Sullivan's manager, was disgusted. He was sorry that the public were not going to see the champion in a fit state to meet Mitchell. Just as every one of the 12,000 anxious spectators were beginning to grow restless, the tall form of Sullivan was seen coming from the Madison avenue entrance, followed by Billy Mallahan, Pete McCoy and Capt. Williams. Sullivan mounted the stage, followed by Capt. Alexander Williams, and taking off his hat he staggered to the ropes and said:

"Gentlemen (sic) I am sick and not able to box. The doctor is here, and this is the first time I disappointed you."

The announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the crowd, and some said, "He is afraid." Another said, "He is drunk."

Amid hisses, groans and cat-calls, Charley Mitchell, followed by Billy Madden, ascended the stage. Immense cheering followed, but a motion of Capt. Williams' club was the signal for Sullivan to stagger down the steps of the stage, and followed by a crowd of disappointed sporting men, he left the Garden. F. Mitchell then asked Billy Madden if he should give an exhibition. Madden said yes, and Mitchell went to the ropes on the north side of the stage and said:

"Gentlemen, I am prepared to box with Sullivan, but he claims he is sick, and it would not be fair for me to meet him, as I am feeling pretty good myself." Three cheers were given for Mitchell, which made the building shake. Captain Williams then beckoned Mitchell to leave the stage, and he left, the hero of the hour.

Every one praised Mitchell, but no one had a good word for Sullivan. Every one connected with him was disgusted, and mortified with the champion's conduct. Those who paid \$2 for boxes, and \$2 for seats, were badly victimized. No one was to blame but Sullivan. Al. Smith said to Richard K. Fox that he would not have the affair end in such a fizzle for \$5,000, but he could not prevent it.

Sullivan, after he arrived at the hotel, informed the POLICE GAZETTE representative that he owed the public an apology. He regretted that he had drank too much wine, but he would return to Boston, abstain from drinking and then meet Mitchell and defeat him.

Mitchell was greatly disappointed. He said: "I am confident I should have defeated Sullivan, and I am very sorry the public, who paid to see us box, were disappointed; but no one can blame me, for I am ready to box Sullivan any time he is ready, and will meet Al. Smith at Richard K. Fox's office at any time to arrange another match." The receipts of the garden were about \$12,000, of which, according to the agreement, Mitchell was to receive 35 per cent., which would amount to \$4,000.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Frisky Actors Frolicking on the Stage and in Agents' Offices.

Echoes of Next Season Flashing Over the Theatrical Telephone—Theatrical Pranks in the Country.

COMLEY—"Billy" Comley doesn't feel quite so sure that he knows it all now as he did five years ago.

LEVY.—It is darkly rumored that Levy, the cornetist, will, next summer, have a band of his own of four pieces on a Staten Island ferry-boat.

HEDLEY.—Catherine Rogers' eldest daughter has married a very bright and clever young fellow who rejoices in the absurd name of King Hedley.

GROVER.—Len Grover is mentioned as the possible manager of the Philadelphia Academy of Music. The directors must have a lot of money to get rid of.

ROWE.—"Jack" Rowe is now bottling beer for a living in his native Pittsburg. There seems to be a vague impression current that the only bottle used by Mr. Rowe is himself.

WARD.—The real cause of Sam Ward's death has just leaked out. He accidentally came across one of Stephen Massett's visiting cards, and the small killed him. No wonder. He was an old man.

PYMPLETON.—Ebenezer Pympton will spend next summer in the Catskills. Let the whole world rejoice and be glad—especially that portion of it which is situated some distance from Ebenezer's summer home.

RANKIN.—Another member of the Rankin family has gone into the show business. This time it is George, brother of the fickle and fascinating McKee, who has opened a small theatre somewhere in Canada.

HERNDON.—Agnes Herndon has left her husband, Jessel. With the permission of Mr. Edward Clough, we desire to amend this paragraph with the statement that Miss Lillian Spencer has gone and done likewise.

ROBE.—Mr. Lester Wallack has engaged a new juvenile lady in London who rejoices in the name of Miss Annie Robe. So if he can't give us his theatre in a new dress he can, at all events, give us a new Robe in his company.

BOUCICAULT.—Dion Boucicault's "new" play, to be produced in London, is called "The Nine Lives of Fin McCool." Fin isn't a patch on Dion, who, regarded from every possible point of view, has had ten times that number of careers.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell is to appear in "Black-Eyed Susan" at the Alhambra in London. It is generally understood that she will play the young lady of the ebon optics, and that little Teddy Solomon will contribute the appropriate black eyes.

MORRIS.—Tom Morris was asked the other day by a prominent artist to sit for him as a model. "I suppose," said Tom, with a proud smile, "you want my figure for an Apollo?" "No," replied the painter. "I want your face—for a Western sunset."

OPERA.—Grand Opera is dead in Paris. The real "swells" have given it the most refrigerated variety of vibration, and hereafter the Italian banditti, who dislodge themselves as tenors and prima-donnas, will have to look elsewhere for their plunder.

SULLIVAN.—Barry Sullivan is on his way to make a farewell tour of the United States, whether Bandmann has preceded him. A few years from now the mere announcement of such a fact will be sufficient to bring on a war between this country and England.

QUIET RIGHT.—In Vienna when a theatre burns down, they arrest all hands, from the manager down to the stage door keeper. This shows a very advanced state of civilization, and one which we Americans might emulate with great advantage to ourselves.

PANIC.—It is said that the town of Tucson, in Arizona, is in a state of panic. About fifty actors, legitimate and variety, have been "left" there by defaulting managers, and threaten to paint the town a brilliant crimson. There is no limit to the atrocities of which an actor can be guilty when he is shut off from his beer.

OSBORNE.—Rose Osborne has arrived from England and will star down South in Mrs. Kendall's version of "Clarie." The original wrong wrought on Miss Osborne by the South which justifies this cruel revenge on her part has not been disclosed yet. She must, however, have suffered terribly.

GOODWIN.—Frankie Goodwin, the boy manager with the gray hair, says that he is going to manage Clara Morris next season, and this, too, in spite of the fact that it is announced that Edwin Booth and Clara Morris will appear, under the management of a Boston syndicate, on alternate nights.

CASTLETON.—Kate Castleton is kicking up her heels again, and her secession from the "Pop" company broke it up. This fact explains the hilarious gayety which has characterized the recent behavior of Mr. Mark Tapley Rice, who owes, it is said, more money this year than he ever did before.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett's daughter some time ago married an alleged German baron. Lawrence Barrett's season in London has also been barren—of pecuniary success. Louis James and the rest of his company rue the day they were entrapped into sharing Barrett's act of sacrifice on the altar of his own inordinate vanity.

DAVIS.—Gen. Paresis Davis is back again, and the boom in chandelier drops is said to be correspondingly heavy. Decanter stoppers are quoted at fabulous figures, and Davis is in active negotiation with the Hoffman House bar for all its broken tumbler-bottoms. His wink and the inviting expression of his off eye are just as effective as ever.

OLCOTT.—There seems reason to apprehend that Miss Lillian Olcott will change her mind next season and make an attempt, once more, to star in opposition to Mary Anderson. Miss Olcott, in her last essay, got no further than the posting of her bills. This time she says it will be play or pay—albeit some of her friends declare it will be both.

WEED.—Poor, silly little Harry Weed will "rest for the summer" in Bloomingdale next year if he persists in his absurd attempt to be a manager. He hasn't got one quality to insure success—and the fact that he has money only confirms this gloomy view of his case. No manager who ever amounted to anything ever had a dollar of his own.

MANSFIELD.—A bitter enemy of Richard Swellhead Mansfield has cruelly started the report that Richard intends to inflict a Parisian romance on the London public. As a logical consequence Richard of the expanded cranium has to be escorted in the streets of London by a couple of armed policemen. Even under those circumstances his life is not safe.

PERZEL.—Miss Marie Prescott-Perzel says she wrote "Zicka" in partnership with Theophile Gautier. Theophile Gautier died twenty years ago, and stopped writing over forty years ago. Delicacy prevents us from pointing to the obvious connection between these facts and the claim of Miss Marie Prescott-Perzel to be considered "just twenty-five, you know."

CERTAINLY.—As soon as Olivet, the fellow who wrote the *Maitre des Forges*, had made \$200,000 by his play and novel, he sent to the stage hands of the theatre in which it was originally produced the munificent and princely gift of \$40. And yet when he was a literary man, pure and simple, before he had yielded to the infection of the stage, he was renowned for his generosity.

ROONEY.—"Pat" Rooney is going on the legitimate stage. Why not, and wherefore do the "legitimate" business of Union Square laugh and jeer? Wasn't the grandfather of Lester Wallack a tight-rope walker? Wasn't Stuart Robson a song-and-dance artist? Wasn't Ben Maginley a circus clown? Why, then, should Rooney be derided for going in for the legitimate?

COVENTRY.—A young woman named Julia Coventry died of tin-poisoning in Saratoga the other day, who spent thousands of dollars trying to become a popular actress. She died poor and comparatively friendless before she reached middle age—and in spite of her wasted thousands, not five hundred people in the entire country recollect ever having heard of her.

SOLDENE.—Emily Soldene is once more appearing in "La Fille de Mme. Angot" in a London music hall. She is supported by her grandson, who is a rather stout, overfed and antiquated tenor. It is definitely announced that when her great-granddaughter has come of age Soldene, aided and abetted by Lydia Thompson, will make another "farewell" tour of the United States in opposition to Lotta.

RIGNOLD.—The bull-necked and beef-witted Cockney, who calls himself George Rignold, and who accused the entire American press of being an established blackmailing institution, is on his last legs, financially, in London. He is such an inveterate ass that he will probably come over here, with other played-out dramatic nuisances, to "farewell" this country. He ought to be received with a demonstration of kindred cabbage-heads.

MAJILTON.—The Majiltons who, with one Lisbourne, advertised as a "side-splitting comedian," made such an unholly fizzle some time ago at the Fourteenth Street theatre, are now playing "Irish Aristocracy" in London. It is said to be regarded by Britishers as a huge practical joke, and they refuse to regard it as a play. "Wot have yer givin' us?" inquires the indignant Briton when you tell him that Barry & Fay actually made it seem funny.

JANISCH.—What a hard-hearted, cruel old woman Modjeska has got to be! Not content with threatening to return to this country next fall, she has engaged Harry Sargent to "boom" another broken-English artiste—Mme. Janisch, otherwise the Countess d'Arco. The redeeming thing about it all is that "Rhea, the society favorite," stands a good chance of being knocked out by the new polyglot star. Rhea's fiasco in the West, by the way, is said to have been really pitiable.

SANGER.—Frank Sanger, who is one of the best fellows in the world, and whose dip into the troubled waters of theatrical management has brought him great profit, will have four companies in the field next season. Among them will be a "Dreams" combination, in which Jacques Kruger will play the part of a photographer. One of the features of the performance will be the instantaneous photographing of a five-dollar bill on its transit from Frank Sanger to James Barton Key.

FORD.—One of the brightest and most likable newspaper men in town, Ford, late of the *Sunday Courier*, is now business manager of the Eden Musee. This accounts for the fact that the Eden Musee is one of the best "noticed" places of amusement in New York. It is preferable to most theatres, as the members of its cero-comic company play their parts beautifully, wear good clothes, don't try to "mash" the ladies in the audience and never go on its stage to a state of intoxication.

BERNHARDT.—Sarah Bernhardt is so delighted with what she is pleased to call her success in "Macbeth" that she is going to play Romeo to the Juliet of Jane Hading. The translation is to be made by Sarah's latest lover, Jean Richepin. Then, like all the rest of them, she is coming back again to take another "farewell" of the United States—under the management of Henry E. Abbey. Abbey seems to be taking farewell of his sensibilities—for if ever an actress was played out it is Sarah Bernhardt as an American attraction.

LANGTRY.—The news that Mrs. Langtry has signed a partnership agreement with Dion Boucicault is another proof of her extraordinary silliness and want of brains. In the days of her popularity, as a beauty, in London, it was said of her that she was the most senseless and imbecile woman who ever commanded male admiration. Boucicault's touch, nowadays, from a financial point of view, is poison, and by this time next year the Lily will be tearing her hair out by the handful and lamenting once more one more act of stupid folly.

MALLORY.—The Mallorys are hopping mad over "Professor" Franklin Sargent's claim that the new theatrical Lyceum—for the propagation of bad amateur actors—is connected with the Madison Square. They naturally resent such a bold, unblushing attempt to "water" their present monopoly. Heaven knows that the Madison Square can do more in the bad amateur line in one season than poor little so-called "Professor" Franklin Sargent can accomplish during his whole lifetime. No wonder they're angry, and that the poor little "Professor" has been roundly talked to by the Brethren.

JOE'S MASHING MUSTACHE.

A Tonsorial Operation that Made a Jersey German Jump and Swear.

In addition to its big cemetery, fine harbor breezes, superb after-dark view of the Brooklyn bridge, its gasoline street lamps and three score of pretty girls, Greenville, N. J., embowered in vernal verdure, was, until Saturday, June 21, justly proud of the mustache of Mr. Joseph Reinli. Mr. Reinli is a rotund person, who follows the calling of a painter of cart-wheels, and for half a dozen years past, his mustache had been famous in the town as "Joe's mustache." It was of raven hue and luxuriantly long. For three years Barber Leifer, who shaved Mr. Reinli's ample chin, was accustomed to direct the attention of his assistant, Mr. Marx Schmidt, to the mustache as a model of its kind, and when Mr. Leifer some months ago tried to cut it short and failed, and in a fit of disgust thereof sold out his business to Mr. Schmidt, the latter himself continued to praise the painter's superb facial ornament and dress it with care.

Saturday evening, when Mr. Reinli removed his collar and lay comfortably back in the barber chair, he gazed up at the low ceiling and casually remarked in the German tongue that by strange inadvertence he hadn't any money about him, but he hoped that Mr. Schmidt would shave him just the same. Mr. Schmidt, who is an agreeable young man, with a pretty wife and a bouncing baby, replied that he didn't mind a little thing like that, from a regular customer, who was good for the money and proceeded to paint both Mr. Reinli's chin and his handsome mustache with soapsuds, and ply his keen razor dexterously and pleasingly. When Mr. Reinli's beard was off, and he was still wrapped in the reverie produced by good barbers, Mr. Schmidt calmly continued to converse with his wife and remove the hairs of his customer's upper lip at the same time.

He had disposed of the abundant growth on one side when the painter suddenly turned his eyes from the ceiling to the mirror in front of him, and, jumping from the chair, flung a bundle of Sunday linen upon the sanded floor with the vehemence of wild indignation, leaped in the air till his head nearly struck the ceiling, and shook both fists furiously.

"Vot der diggens vor you do dot?" he yelled, in a voice that brought the residents of Greenville avenue flocking to the door. "Mein Gott in Himmel! vot I do vor my mustash?"

Barber Schmidt swore at his assistant, slammed the door on his wife, and profusely assured Mr. Reinli that it was all a mistake.

"You can't go out that way, Joe," he added. "Sit down and let me take the rest off."

Mr. Reinli rammed a pretzel in his mouth to keep himself from swearing any more, picked up his scattered linen, and let the fatal razor mow down the last remnants of his once magnificent mustache. When the pretzel was gone his anger broke loose again, and he swore in Swedish, German, and broken English, and insisted that he would be avenged, even if he had to hire a lawyer.

On June 23, he climbed aboard a bobtail car and rode out to Justice Stilting's court in Jersey City, and complained of the loss of his mustache.

"All tay Suntay," he said, "der poy pull py my torp and yell owid, 'How's your mustash, Yoe?' Dot parper Schmidt, he ask me der same dings, Shudge, it was shame, und py gracious I want dot Schmidt arrested."

The warrant was issued, and all Greenville talked about the rape of the mustache. Painter Reinli was found slunk away in a corner, mournfully contemplating the wine that was red on the bar of his neighbor, Pluggy Reiley, on Ocean avenue, and drowning his sorrow in Greenville beer in the interval. Mr. Reiley plaintively begged that his patrons should not hurt Joe's feelings by referring to his loss, and Joe himself muttered, with a flashing eye, "that he was going to take his mustache into court." Barber Schmidt was discovered calmly cropping the hair of his brother-in-law's head, and waiting for the arrival of the warrant from Jersey City.

"This is simply a scheme to get money out of me," he said, clapping as he talked, "and it won't succeed. Joe has been put up to it by a rival barber."

PATTON'S FAILURE AT LAW.

Suing for Libel and Saddled with the Costs.

(From the *Daily News*, June 24, 1884.)

In Part I. of the City Court yesterday, Richard Patton, of 13 New Church street, sued Richard K. Fox for \$2,000 damages for alleged libel. In the *Police Gazette* on March 18, 1883, there appeared an article headed, "Patton's fool Uncle Sam. He is caught at it and finds himself in a very tight box." The article stated that in the preceding February Patton was arrested, with Derrick Dawson, by United States officers and one of Inspector Byrne's men on a charge of giving bogus bonds in the United States Circuit Court. The circumstances that led to the arrest were these: Mrs. Mary Jane Smith, owner of certain patented laundry machines, obtained a judgment against W. G. Lewis, a wealthy Bostonian, before Judge Wheeler in the United States Circuit Court for \$3,957 on royalties. Lewis appealed the case, and Patton, said to be his agent in this city, undertook to furnish the necessary bond on appeal, the Court fixing the bond at \$6,000.

The bondsmen offered were Derrick Dawson and Joseph A. Hyatt, who each swore that he was worth \$10,000. Subsequently Hyatt made affidavit that he was induced to go on the bond by Patton, and to swear himself worth the sum named, Patton assuring him that "it didn't make any difference whether the surety was good, bad or indifferent, that going on the bond was only a matter of form."

Patton, he alleged, for such service offered him \$75, and promised him \$75 more when the bond should be completed. Hyatt spoke to Dawson about the matter, and the two signed the bond as sureties.

Hyatt swore that he owned the house 347 West Thirty-third street, and also a house and lot on Long Island, and that there were no judgments against him. Mr. Fox's paper, in its account of the matter, stated that Hyatt, at the time he so swore, did not own a dollar's worth of real estate, and that several judgments were pending against him. Hyatt also swore that Patton gave him \$75 after the bond was signed, which money he (Hyatt) divided with Dawson.

Patton complained that the publication charged him with subornation of perjury, namely, in procuring Dawson and Hyatt to falsely swear themselves each worth \$10,000. Patton swore he was thereby "greatly injured in his reputation and business."

In answer, Mr. Fox, while admitting the publica-

tion, asserted its truthfulness and denied malice. And then Mr. Fox took the bull by the horns, and directly asserted, upon information and belief, that "through the willful agency and acts of Patton in the Smith-Lewis case, in the United States Circuit Court, a purloined and worthless bond was procured to be executed, and the approval of that false bond by Judge Wheeler was fraudulently obtained; that such bond was afterward officially declared to be fraudulent."

On behalf of Mr. Fox the witnesses were Judge Wheeler, of the United States Circuit Court; United States Commissioner Shields, Joseph H. Hyatt, William Obright, James Coddington and Henry J. Atwater.

The trial had its humorous touches by times. Col. Spencer, counsel for Mr. Fox, gravely asked the Assistant United States District Attorney if he knew whether Mr. Fox was the publisher of the *Christian at Work*. The District Attorney replied to the effect that, so far as he knew, it was possible; Mr. Fox, he had no doubt, was enterprising and versatile enough to publish that or any other paper that would pay.

The jury brought in a verdict for Mr. Fox. An additional allowance of two and one-half per cent. was given to Mr. Fox's counsel.

MUNCIE'S ENOCH ARDEN.

Return of a Lamented Indianian Who Had The Gold Fever of '49.

Muncie, Ind., has been agitated by the return of Thompson Walling from Weatherby, Oregon, to a wife whom he left thirty-five years ago, and whom he finds a widow after having been twice married during his absence. Fifty years ago, George Shafer, who went from Pennsylvania, was a well-to-do farmer in Muncie. Joseph Walling, a prosperous tanner, lived just outside of the then village of Muncietown, a cluster of log cabins and little houses, with a log court-house. Susannah Shafer, a daughter of the farmer, was just growing into womanhood, and young Thompson Walling, the tanner's son, became enamored of her, and, before the parents knew the truth, they were pledged to each other. On April 1, 1841, they were married, and among the guests were a youth and maiden friends of the bride and groom, now Mr. Volney Wilson and wife. The union was happy. Three children were born to Walling and his wife, one of whom died, leaving a boy and girl.

When the gold fever of '49 broke out young Walling became a victim, and, with \$600 loaned to him by his friend, Volney Wilson, he left for California with Arch. Hamilton, Theo. Burt, Stephen Hamilton and son, Henry Wysor, Jas. Russy, Dr. Hathaway, Chas. McGlaughlin (the Railroad King, lately shot by his employee in San Francisco), Samuel Martin and others, now prominent citizens of Muncie. The mines of California and Idaho were successively tried, and one by one the party returned, save Walling, McGlaughlin, and Russy, the latter of whom, with a man named Wood, met his death at the hands of the Indians. Time passed, and letters from Walling came less and less frequent. In 1862 a letter containing a draft for \$600 was received by Mrs. Walling. She never heard from him after that, and his silence was accepted as proof that he was dead. In fact, his father's estate at his death was administered as though young Walling was dead. His wife obtained a divorce, and in 1862 married Horatio F. Wilcox, who was killed in a saw mill in 1865. A year later she married Jeremiah Veach, who died two years ago. Then she lived with her son near Muncie.

Volney Wilson alone never shared the belief that Thompson Walling was dead. For years he spent all his leisure time writing letters of inquiry to out-of-the-way places on the Pacific Coast. One day in February last the deputy postmaster at Weatherby, Oregon, saw a letter postmarked Muncie, Ind., addressed to the postmaster. Opening it, he found that it was from his old friend Walling, inquiring for him. He, answering, gave the story of his life and misfortunes. Then he wrote to his wife, detailing his sorrows, his efforts to get home, his failures, his ill health, and his final conclusion that fate was against him, followed by a relapse into indifference. On June 18 Muncie was electrified to see him on the street. Before noon his son, now almost a middle-aged man, came for him and took him to the home of his former wife, where to many friends he detailed his romantic experience, which is almost beyond belief.

Mrs. Veach, his

A Pair of Skippers.

The Milwaukee Trades and Labor Assembly are very anxious to see a former member of their association, named Anton Hailig. So anxious are they to see him, that Mr. G. W. Mackie, the president of the association, has authorized Mr. Lem. Elsworth, chief of police of the cream-colored city, to offer a reward of \$100 for the return of the missing man. His departure, it was claimed, was not unconnected with a shortage of the funds in the treasury of the labor organization.

Anton Hailig, is thirty years of age, dark complexion, wore small black mustache when last seen; he is about 5 feet 6 inches in height, was dressed in a new suit of dark-blue clothes and new gaiter shoes. He weighs about 140 pounds. His nose has the appearance of hav-



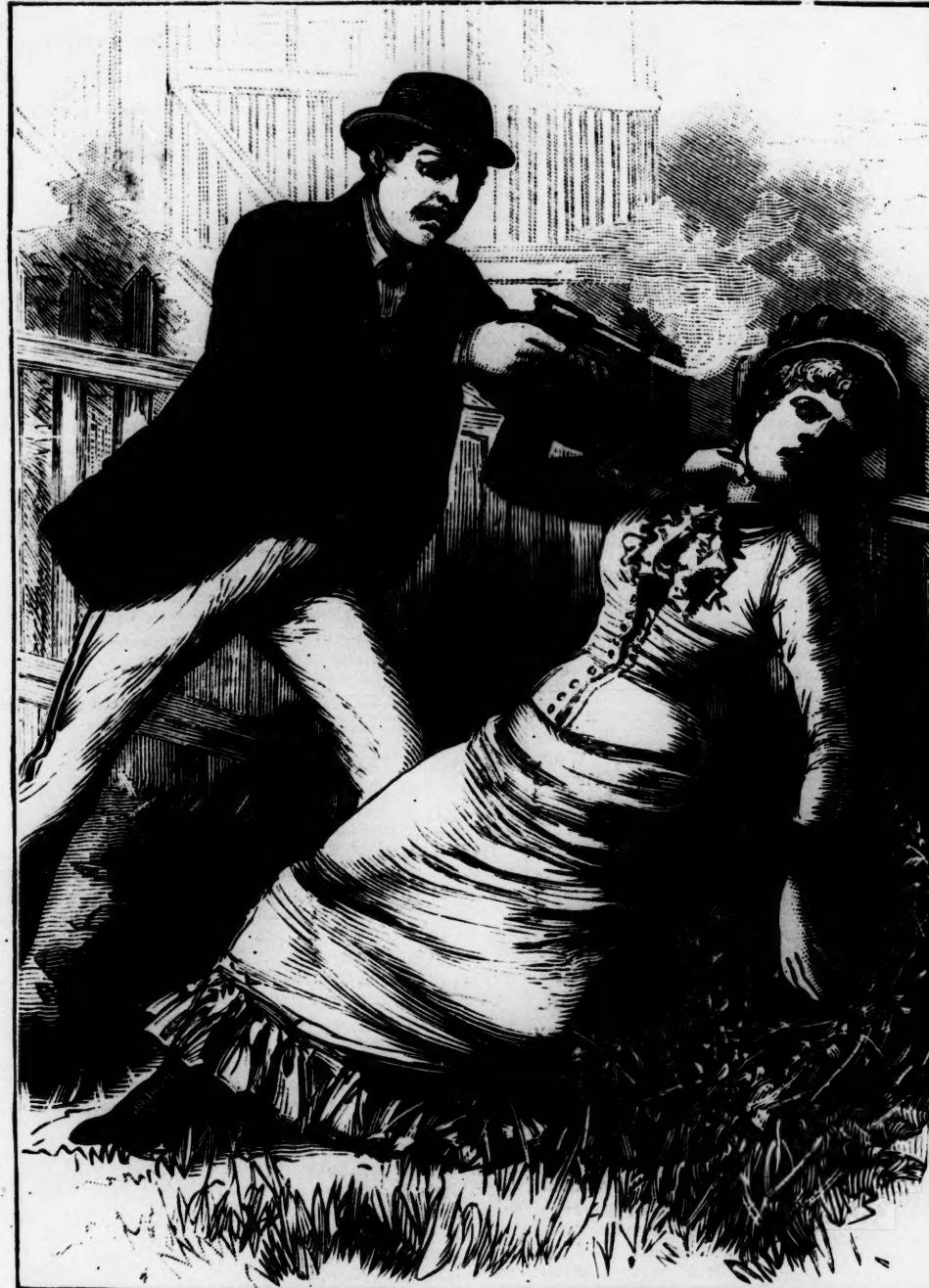
MRS. ANTON HAILIG,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE SKIPPED WITH HER HUSBAND, WHO IS ACCUSED OF ROBBING THE MILWAUKEE LABOR ASSEMBLY.

ing been broken, although its peculiar shape is probably natural. He is a stove-molder by trade, but has sailed on the lakes. He was a member of the Iron Molders' Union No. 106, of Milwaukee. He is accompanied by his wife, who is about one inch taller than himself. Her complexion is light, features thin. She wore a black dress when last seen.

He Wouldn't Recognize Her.

At Wheeling, W. Va., on June 22 while Market street was crowded with pedestrians, Mrs. Anna Hayman, the divorced wife of Thomas

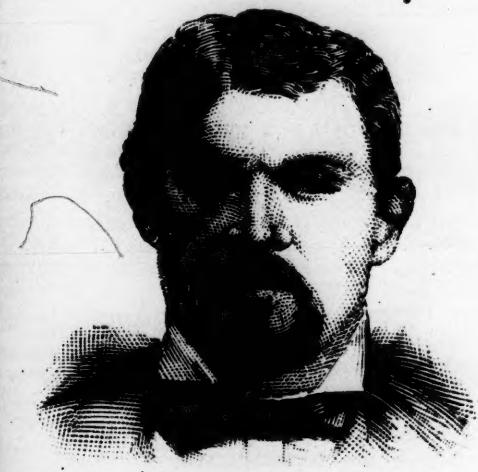


A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

THE SHOOTING OF MRS. MOLLIE GHERKIN BY OLIVER CAMFIELD, AT VINCENNES, IND.—A BRUTAL CRIME THAT WAS QUICKLY AVENGED.

Hayman, formerly a well-known jeweler, accosted W. H. Scheib, a leading music dealer. He refused to recognize her and she caught him by the coat. He then struck her in the face and a scuffle ensued, which was ended by a policeman arresting the woman and locking her up.

Mrs. Hayman obtained a divorce from her husband three years ago, after her husband had accused her of intimacy with a jewelry drummer from Pittsburg. Hayman shot the drummer on the street at Bellaire, but the latter recovered, and having proved his innocence of the jealous husband's charges Mrs. Hayman easily obtained a divorce. She says and proves by documentary evidence that Scheib furnished money to pay the expenses of the divorce suit, being himself her lover, and that he took her into the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church,



ANTON HAILIG,

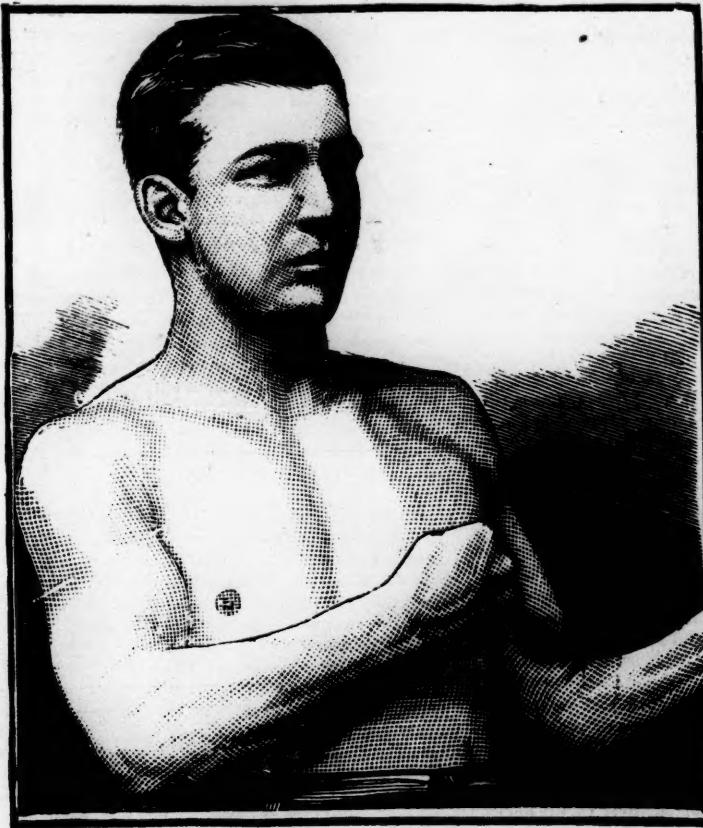
WHO LEFT MILWAUKEE, WIS., SUDDENLY, AND IS WORTH \$100 TO ANYBODY THAT CAN SEND HIM TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

of which he was the organist, and solemnly swore on the Bible to marry her as soon as he was free from his wife, whose character he assailed. Mrs. Scheib is a musician and vocalist, who is well known in Wheeling, in Pittsburg, and in Chicago, and has the confidence and respect of all. Letters from Scheib to Mrs. Hayman refer to this pulpit episode and reiterate groundless charges against his wife. Scheib contracted with Mrs. Hayman's sister to pay the former's board, but failed to keep the contract. Hence the present encounter. The matter creates general indignation as the woman has almost a trunkful of proofs of the man's unfaithfulness in the shape of letters.



A STORY OF THE SEA.

THE RESCUE OF MATE STEEVES, OF THE BRITISH BRIG G. P. SHERWOOD, AFTER A FEARFUL EXPERIENCE OF BUFFETING WITH THE ANGRY WAVES.



MIKE CLEARY,

OF NEW YORK, A PUGILIST WHO HAS MADE A GOOD RECORD.

James Keenan.

James Keenan, the noted sporting man of Boston, is the most prominent patron of true sport in the Hub. Horse-racing, boating, boxing, pedestrian contests, dog-fighting, cocking mains, baseball matches and every branch of athletic encounters have received his hearty and substantial aid. He was the original backer of John L. Sullivan, and is now the financial friend and adviser of John Kilrain. He was made happy by his latest *protege's* good showing in his recent contest with Mike Cleary, and is a firm believer that Kilrain is the coming champion. Mr. Keenan was born in Westmeath county, Ireland, May 25, 1839, came to America when a boy, and is now a thoroughbred American. He proved his devotion to his adopted country by enlisting in the navy in 1861, and was wounded in the naval fight at New Orleans. He has for many years kept one of the most popular sporting houses in Boston.

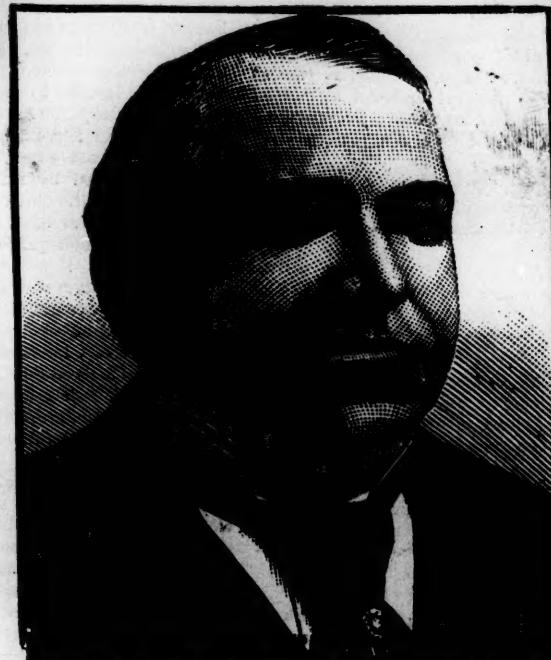
A Fly Young Wife.

Chief Judge McCue, of Brooklyn, was aroused from his slumbers at a late hour Wednesday night, June 25, by a violent ring at the door-bell of his residence, No. 162 Remsen street. On descending to his parlor he was surprised at being fondly embraced by Francis G. Gentes, who, in an agitated voice, said that his wife had eloped with

a married man of Providence. Judge McCue could only suggest that his lawyer be consulted, whereupon the grief-stricken young husband, who had been sobbing convulsively, withdrew, and the Judge retired.

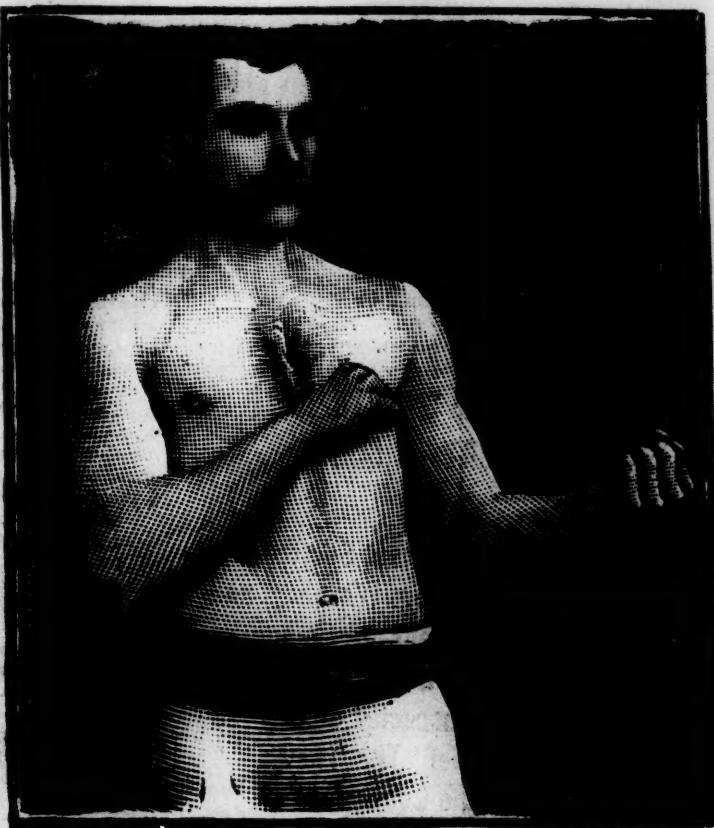
The elopement is a somewhat remarkable sequel to the Gentes divorce case. Mr. Gentes is a handsome young man and is a popular member of the Thirteenth regiment. He was married by Rev. Horatio Elkins. Three weeks after the birth of a baby Mrs. Gentes says her husband forcibly removed her to the house of her mother, Mrs. Raymond, No. 116 Prince street. She refused to return to her husband, and he sued for divorce on the ground of abandonment, and in her answer she charged him with cruel and inhuman treatment. A few months ago the jury found for the plaintiff, but Judge McCue refused to grant either party a divorce; as both had been at fault, and were young, he thought they might make up the quarrel.

Three weeks ago Gentes saw his wife lunching in a saloon and entered and spoke to her. She threw her arms around his neck, kissed him repeatedly and reconciliation was at once effected. They met every night for a week, during which time Mrs. Gentes expressed a desire to return to her husband, but said her mother would not consent. She, however, spoke to her father, and he said he would be glad to see them reunited. On Saturday, June 21, Mrs. Gentes, her father and sisters accompanied Mr. Gentes on a trip up the Hudson, and the young wife said she was ready to return to her husband. He at once hired apart-



JAMES KEENAN,

THE NOTED BOSTON SPORTING MAN AND BACKER OF KILRAIN.



JACK KILRAIN,

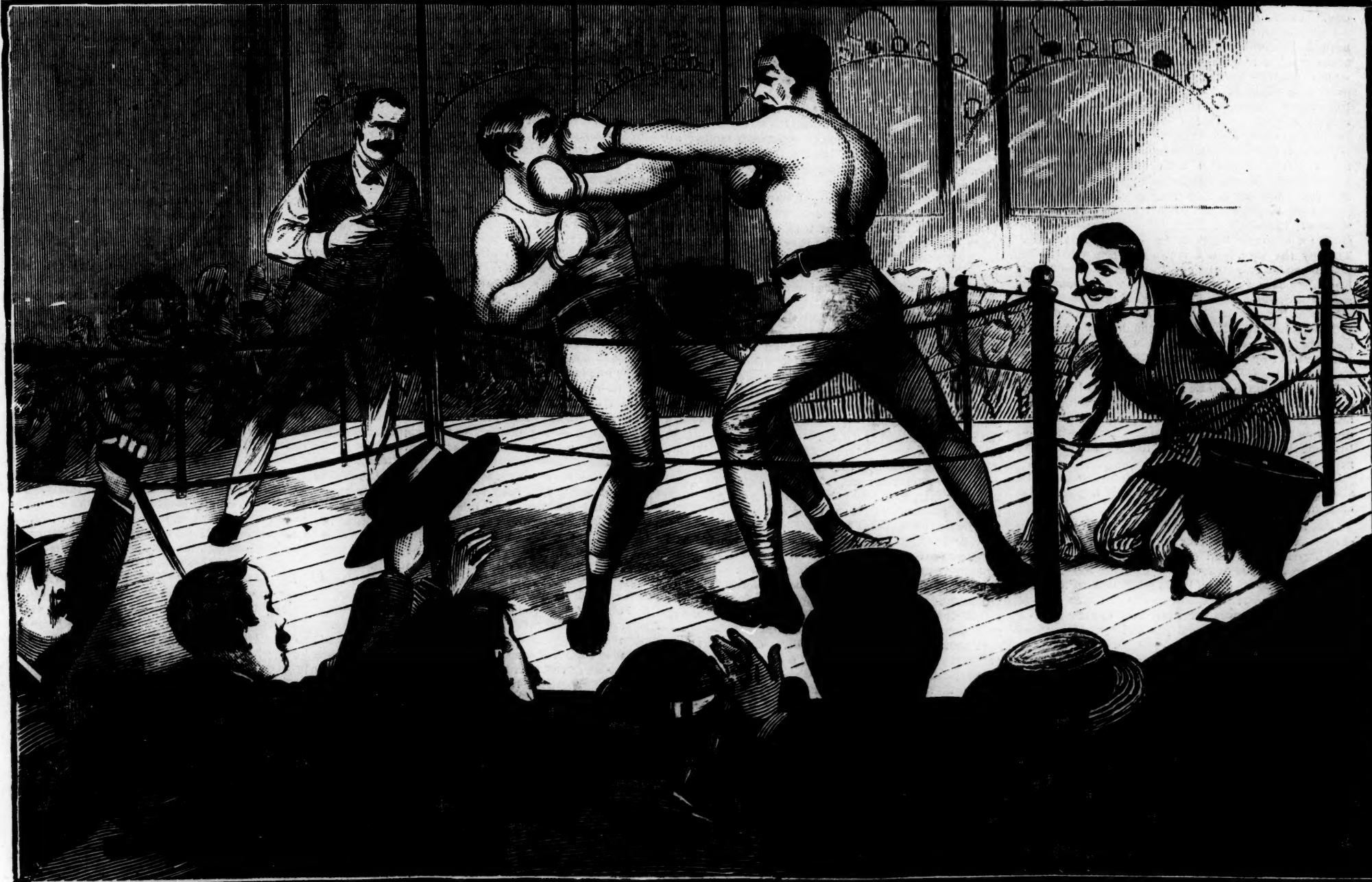
THE BOSTON PUGILIST, WHO MANY BELIEVE TO BE THE COMING CHAMPION.

ments and the reunited couple purchased furniture for their home. Mrs. Gentes appeared delighted and her husband was fairly transported, and thought his troubles were at last at an end. After the household effects had been selected, Mrs. Gentes gently suggested that she was in need of some articles of wearing apparel. Her husband purchased every article she wanted, and the couple, upon separating, agreed to take possession of their new quarters.

The same day Mrs. Gentes fled with her lover. Mr. Gentes is utterly crushed. He will probably ask for a decision in the pending divorce case.

Dying of Poison in a Dallas Hotel.

Jasper Wharton, a native of Louisville, who has lived in Dallas and Corsicana for several years past, went from the latter place to Dallas on June 19, and spent most of his time with Frank Connell and Miss Elma Mansfield. Wharton died at the St. George Hotel at about 4 o'clock June 22 from the effects of poison. He had been intimate with a young woman in Corsicana, and is said to have brought her to Dallas and sent her North with considerable money to get her out of the way. He was anxious to marry Elma Mansfield, and went so far as to get a marriage license. It seems that Connell married Elma under the name of Frank Mansfield two years ago. When Wharton desired to marry her, lawyers were consulted who pronounced her first marriage legal.



JACK KILRAIN AND MIKE CLEARY.

THE GREAT GLOVE CONTEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, ON JUNE 26, THAT WHETTED THE APPETITES OF THE SPORTS FOR THE PROMISED MEETING BETWEEN SULLIVAN AND MITCHELL.

THE
BROADWAY ROUNDER.
No. VII
UNDER THE SHADOW.

HOW SUSPICION HAUNTS THE METROPOLITAN WAYFARER AT EVERY TURN.

Dogged in the Stores and Spotted in the Hotels--Dining-room Warnings and Street-car Cautions--A Community in which Every Man and Woman is Suspected of Being a Thief Till They Prove the Contrary.

I wonder how many of us are conscious of being watched and dogged and spotted at every turn? And yet there is scarcely a reader of this who has not been, and will not be for the entire time of his natural life, under the surveillance of either the recognized official police or their substitutes. It is certainly a strange commentary on the liberty and freedom which we have achieved in these United States that there is no country in the world in which men, women and children are so dogged, "spotted," "shadowed" and "piped off" as in this.

Why, the old Austrian and Spanish police despots were never a mark on the state of things which prevails in New York. I often think that if the majority of us ever got an accurate idea of how the system is being pushed and abused here, we should have a revolution in return which would result in the decoration of every lamp-post in town with a private detective attached thereto by a collar of good strong hemp.

New Yorkers are literally dogged from the cradle to the grave. There is hardly an event in the life of a New Yorker in which this "piping" and "shadowing" is not exercised in the most exasperating and infuriating manner.

And the worst of it is that the most innocent people in the world are just as subject to suspicion and accusation as the confirmed and inveterate criminals who are registered on the police books as habitual thieves. The "shadow" falls on clergymen and actors, nuns and strumpets, old men and mere boys, black and white, with equal energy and annoyance.

The old axiom, by the way, could be very appropriately reversed which affirms that "Every dog has his day." In New York it is every day that has its dog.

I attended a funeral the other day, in which I was brought face to face with tangible evidence of the acute distrust and cynical want of confidence with which one New Yorker regards another New Yorker even in a house of death. The corpse had been in life quite a distinguished person. He was distantly related to Bohemia in the respect that he used to rather cheerfully lend small sums of money to newspaper men and actors and artists without ever expecting to receive a cent of it again. But his lines really fell in "swell" places, and he belonged, as a matter of fact, to the Murray Hill contingent of our society.

He died of pneumonia, caught by standing on the steps of Wallack's theatre in a thin dress suit to smoke a cigarette between the acts of "Lady Clare." This, by the way, is a favorite practice with dudes, who consider it manly and "so English, don't-cher-know," to bare their little breasts to a January blizzard and exchange "chaff" in evening dress on the sidewalks in front of places of amusement. A dead dude is as rare an article as a dead donkey—for dudes scarcely ever have vital organs to be affected, and perish rather by withering and disappearing than by any actual disease.

The gentleman at whose funeral I assisted was not a dude, albeit he lived and moved and had his being among dudes, and when he caught cold, and the cold developed into pneumonia, he made up his mind that his time had come, and gracefully went over to the great majority.

If he hadn't there would have been no funeral and I shouldn't have been on hand. But this is purely and emphatically parenthetical.

Like a good many other pseudo Bohemians, the corpse had been a dabbler in art. That is, he had squandered a good deal of money in *bric-a-brac* and other unconsidered trifles. The drawing room of the flat in which he died and lay in state was full of elegant and expensive curiosities, all of which he had bought because it was the rage, and because he felt that he owed it to his "social position" (whatever that may mean) to do so.

The funeral services took place among his *bric-a-brac*, and the scene was a queer and interesting one. The departed, in his velvet-covered casket, the drear gray light falling grimly on pictures and busts and bronzes and rugs and plaques and pottery, the assemblage of dudes and dudines, and the hard-voiced, harsh-faced, un sympathetic minister, who looked and acted like an auctioneer presiding over a bankrupt sale of human remnants "on account of removal"—my restless eyes found plenty of employment without.

As they roamed round the room, they alighted on a superb Malay kreee, or crooked poniard, all silver-mounted and pearl-handled and otherwise beautiful to the sight, at least, if to none other of the senses. It was such a cruelly graceful weapon, with its serpentine curves and its shimmering blade, and its carved massive handle, that I couldn't help falling in love with it. And as the minister droned away and the dudes and dudines shuffled and fidgeted on their chairs and camp-stools, my mind floated far away into the jungles of Malacca, where my fancy discovered great gliding rivers fringed with palms and ferns, and

the glorious wild fowl flew across the streams, and the air was drowsy with the odors of strange flowers. All this time, that cruel kreee kept before my eyes, and, unconsciously, I made up my mind to handle it and examine it at the first chance.

That arrived in due time. The friends and the relatives of the departed were making their last tramp round the body, and the undertaker's men were busily engaged in another room straightening out the procession which was to escort it to the Grand Central Depot, when I ranged up alongside the savage instrument of murder and picked it up. As I did so I became conscious of two green, phosphorescent eyes watching me. If they had been the fierce, sly, tigerish eyes of the original owner of the kreee, peering at me through the caves of his jungle, and waiting his opportunity to leap on me like a sudden tiger and drive that snaky blade through my heart, I could not have been more startled. I dropped the kreee. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead and I stumbled to the door. As I went out, those green-gray eyes followed me malignantly, and the last thing I saw, as I stood on the top stair waiting for a chance to descend, was their savage, watchful glitter.

I told a friend whom I met on the sidewalk of the strange shock which I had just experienced, and pointed him out the owner of the eyes who was the last man to descend from the flat in the funeral train.

"Phaw!" said my friend, with a quiet smile. "That's all right. Don't you know who that fellow is?"

I did not know who he was, and said I didn't.

"Well," continued my friend, "that's the regular funeral detective. He attends swell affairs of the kind at \$10 a job, to see that none of the mourners get so overcome with grief that their notions of property get confused. If it were not for his friendly services there is no calculating the amount of *bric-a-brac* and other trinkets, to say nothing of watches and chains which would change hands. His presence is just as necessary at every 'swell' funeral up town as that of the preacher or the sexton, and there is hardly an affair of the kind at which he does not earn his fee twice over."

"Do you mean to tell me," quoth I, "that at a 'swell' funeral the temptation to steal is so irresistible that private detectives have to be engaged to keep thieves at arm's length?"

"So it would appear," said my friend, with a satiric grin. "At all events you may be pretty certain, when you attend a fashionable funeral, that at least one of the mourner—perhaps the most sorrowful and demonstrative of the lot—has got his weather eye open to the actions of the rest. Why, in some instances, the private detectives have been so numerous and so energetic at a funeral that you would have been justified in believing that a huge conspiracy was afoot to kidnap the corpse."

The discovery filled me with equal amazement and disgust. What a hideous idea it is—that spies have to be employed in a house of desolation and mourning to prevent those who come with sympathy and consolation from walking off with the family plate or the well-stuffed pocket-books of the other visitors.

"Bless your heart," exclaimed one of Robert Pinkerton's merry men when I mentioned the subject to him, "bless your heart, the older and richer society grows, the more it wants to be protected from itself. Things have come to such a pass that one man in every ten almost makes a living by 'sotting' or dogging the other nine. The street-cars and the ferry-boats are nothing nowadays to the places in which the private detective has to play the spy and gets liberally rewarded for doing it. From one end of the city to the other the game goes merrily on. Your wife enters a Broadway store to buy a few necessities, and from the moment she sets foot in it to the moment she leaves, she is an object of profound suspicion, and at the mercy of anybody who may feel like demanding that she shall be searched. It would only take the mislaying of a pocket-book or the disappearance of a ten-cent ribbon to have her rudely grabbed, hustled into a back room, rudely and unmercifully searched, and, most probably, handed over to a brutal and blundering policeman. The whole time she is innocently buying her tape or her needles or her muslin, the suspicion of the floor-walker hangs over her head like the sword of Damocles."

The girls employed in the place are even more candidly suspected and more keenly watched. Their employers take it for granted that they are thieves in grain, who will steal anything they can get their hands on, if only they can get the opportunity. Not a day passes but some delicate, overworked trembling creature is seized and searched and otherwise maltreated, in a way compared with which the behavior of the Russian secret police is courtesy itself.

"You said you were amazed to see a paid spy at a funeral. Well, there isn't an up-town wedding in this city at which the private detective doesn't figure as necessarily if not as ostentatiously as the clergyman. The stealing of wedding presents is quite an amusement among the 'upper classes.' They call it kleptomania, and if anybody gets caught walking off with a dozen silver spoons or a set of jewels, he or she isn't arrested. That would be very low form. The private detective accompanies the thief to the carriage-door, whispers in his or her ear, 'That ring, please,' or 'Be so kind, madam, as to let me have the spoons you were admiring so much'—and the thing's done.

"You go to a Turkish bath, frequented, as you suppose, by the best kind of people. The moment you enter you are expressly cautioned not to leave your watch or other valuables where your fellow-bathers can get at them. There are cases on record where whole suits of clothes have disappeared from bathing establishments, and their luckless owners have had to go home in cabs, wrapped up in blankets.

"You ride down town in a horse-car, and at each end of it you are warned to look out for pickpockets.

A sharp-featured, nervous, restless man gets in, and at once all his neighbors put him down as the person to be looked out for, and watch every movement he makes with undisguised anxiety and apprehension.

"You go into a restaurant of the very swellest kind—the sort of place from which you would imagine robbery must recoil in dire dismay—and you are notified that it is very dangerous to leave your hat and overcoat where some needy dude may see them and collar them. I tell you that every man in New York is afraid to death of every other man, and that all hands are night under day on the lookout to escape being robbed or wrangled by each other. Either our society is actually rotten to the core or else the general state of suspicion and distrust betokens a downright epidemic mania."

He was only telling the truth, was Robert Pinkerton's henchman. From our cradles to our graves, in New York, we are under the eyes of the police, private or municipal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER

That was Quickly Avenged by the Citizens of Vincennes, Ind.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On June 17, Mrs. Mollie Gherkins, an attractive young widow of Vincennes, Ind., was promenading in company with a lady friend, when Oliver Camfield, who had been paying attentions to Mrs. Gherkins, but whose advances had not been very favorably received, approached, and, bowing politely, joined them.

Mrs. Gherkins had numerous admirers, and Camfield's jealousy was excited by her apparent preferences for others than himself, and when he joined the ladies he was evidently suffering under a strong mental strain.

Mrs. Gherkins observed this, and being kindly disposed toward him requested him to join herself and friend in their walk. This Camfield did, and the three chatted on social topics for some minutes.

Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, Camfield threw his left arm around Mrs. Gherkin's neck as though to caress her. She drew back in affright, but failed to release herself from his grasp.

Clutching her throat in a vice-like grip, Camfield drew from his pocket a revolver and shot her four times.

When the murderer relaxed his hold the unfortunate woman sank to the walk and died in a few minutes.

Camfield made no attempt to escape, and was at once placed under arrest. Great excitement followed the tragedy, and for several days there were threats of lynch law, and as a precautionary measure extra guards were placed at the jail. This only served, however, to heighten the excitement, and on the night of June 24 a band of masked men stormed the jail, carried away the prisoner and hanged him. Early in the evening a crowd began to gather around the jail. It increased in numbers until nearly midnight, when it had swollen to an excited mob. The leaders all wore masks. A demand was made upon the jailer for admission, but he refused to admit them or surrender the keys. The doors were speedily battered down, and the mob upon entering were confronted by Sheriff Kackley, who ordered them to fall back. The excited and determined men forced the officers back and speedily took possession of the jail and soon gained access to the cell occupied by Camfield.

The doomed man was found in a prostrated condition, having eaten nothing for several days. He, however, betrayed no evidence of fear, though knowing well that his last hour had come. He offered no resistance and uttered no protest. He was taken to the spot where he shot Mrs. Gherkins and asked if he was guilty of causing her death.

"Yes," replied Camfield, "but I am now sorry for what I've done."

He made no appeal, however, for his life, but simply asked as a favor that his swinging body should not be shot. This the mob assented to, and there was no indignity offered to the corpse. A rope was fastened around the wretched man's neck and the other end thrown over the cross-pieces of a telegraph-pole. Willing hands seized the rope, and in a few moments the body of the murderer was dangling in the air. Death was caused by slow strangulation. There was no attempt at police interference, and the corpse was left hanging until the next morning, when it was cut down by the county authorities and buried. The general verdict is that Camfield received his just deserts, and it is believed that no attempt will be made to arrest or punish the lynchers.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dorson Steeves, the first mate and only survivor of the British brig G. P. Sherwood, which was wrecked off the Delaware capes on June 14, tells a thrilling story of the sufferings he endured before his rescue by the bark Rafael Pomar, which took him to New York. He was lying in the bottom of a small boat knocking about in a high sea when found, and after about three hours' maneuvering, a rope was thrown to him and he was hauled on board. He was partially blind from the long exposure, and immediately after being rescued became unconscious, remaining so for several hours.

In relating his story Steeves said that after the cargo shifted and the Sherwood began taking the seas on her heavier side, all hopes of saving the vessel were abandoned. The men all clung desperately to the rigging, and in their terror barely noted the fact that several of the crew were already missing.

Steeves succeeded in removing a pair of heavy sea boots, which he felt would drag him down, when the wreck gave a lurch and sank from beneath him. He was sucked under the boiling waters, but in a moment found himself at the surface again.

With great difficulty he made his way toward a small spar near by, and as he seized it three other men threw themselves upon the friendly drift, which was barely heavy enough to keep them up. The other survivors were Ernest Robinson, a young nephew of the captain; Michael McGilvery, a sailor, and another seaman whose name is unknown. A boat was discovered bottom upward drifting toward the men. By struggling they propelled the spar toward the boat, but the effort was too much for the lad Robinson, who relaxed his hold in despair and sank out of sight. There were now but three left of the ten persons who had been on the brig. They reached the capsized boat in a state of sheer exhaustion, and with a desperate effort succeeded in righting it, though Steeves and McGilvery found that the third sailor had disappeared. During the four hours which had elapsed since the cargo shifted these two men experienced untold suffering, which had been rendered still more poignant by the sight of eight poor souls swept to their last account. McGilvery was the more exhausted of the two, and early in the evening, after a painful experience in the boat, he, too, succumbed to his trials.

During the whole night Steeves clung to the boat. When morning came there was still no sail in sight.

The sole survivor of the Sherwood now began to lose his senses. It seemed to him during the morning that vessels were approaching him from all directions. He saw sailing craft, tugs and large steamers. He would wildly hail each one of the phantom vessels, and would see it approach to within a short distance of him, only to disappear as suddenly as it had appeared.

At about noon he became somewhat blind, and it seemed to him that it was night again. Ship after ship appeared, and he hailed them in vain, until a sailing vessel presented first its starboard and then its port bow. It seemed to maneuver about this way for hours in the gloom before him, and the man faultered that it, like the others, was about to disappear.

At last he saw rope dangling before his eyes. He grasped for this, expecting it to elude his hand, but to

his surprise he found his fingers closing around it. He passed the rope around under his arms and made it fast. Above him he heard men's voices, and he felt himself being hauled up from the boat. Friendly hands seized him, and then he sank down and lost consciousness on the deck of the Rafael Pomar, after being thirty-six hours in the water. He was picked up in latitude 33.6 and longitude 67.48.

ALL IN FUN.
A Make-Believe Marriage That May Not Be Funny As Anticipated.

Social circles in Staunton, Va., have been much excited over a marriage, made in fun, but which turns out to be a serious matter. Miss E. Drew Gibbs, of Mississippi, who graduated two weeks ago at the Wesleyan Female Seminary, told her friends, June 15, that she was going to drive in the country with a friend, B. F. Wilder, of Georgia. Two ladies and three or four gentlemen accompanied them. They returned some hours afterward, Miss Gibbs going to the house of a friend, and Wilder to the hotel, and leaving the next day.

It leaked out that there had been a marriage under the following circumstances: By some mysterious means a blank form of marriage license was obtained and filled in with the names of the parties, the bride's age being put at twenty-two and the groom's at twenty-three, his business a railroad conductor, and all the usual questions answered, to which was signed the name J. H. Thomas, Deputy Clerk. The parties furnished with this paper presented themselves to Rev. George A. Long, at Mount Sidney, and by him the marriage ceremony was solemnly performed, as is certified to over his signature, the certificate bearing date June 15, 1884. The license was returned to the City Clerk's office, where that official indorsed upon it the statement that no such license had been issued by him, and that the signature was a forgery. It is said that the parties to the marriage had been engaged, though they had never met till within a week or two before the marriage, and that the bride and groom and their friends accompanying them all regarded the matter in the light of a joke at first, but those better informed as to the law assert that the marriage is a legal one, and nothing but a divorce can annul it.

The matter has therefore assumed a very serious shape. The groom has disappeared, the bride remains in Staunton, and her friends have been informed of the unpleasant affair. It is also stated that the Attorney-General of Mississippi, who is a relative of the bride, has telegraphed that he will in a few days investigate the matter and attempt to untangle it.

SIRUCK BY FORTUNE.
One of the Memphis Men who Drew Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

Stories of sudden or miraculous wealth have always possessed a peculiar fascination for the masses, and the man who has drawn a prize in a lottery is regarded as the happiest of mortals. At the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery two Memphis men drew \$15,000 each. One of these was Mr. B. J. Dorsey, who has been a foreman of hands at work upon the levees along the Mississippi. He has been living in humble circumstances at 33 Jackson street. An Avalanche reporter yesterday had curiosity to see the man who had drawn the \$15,000, so he repaired to the corner of Main and Jackson streets and inquired of some children where Dorsey lived.

"You mean the man that drew the lottery prize?" asked one of them.

"Yes," replied the reporter.

"He's moved away. He used to live in that little house over there, but he's goin' to live in a fine house in Fort Pickering now."

The reporter greatly marveled and went to the house pointed out to him, and asked a man there if Dorsey still lived there.

"No," was the reply. "You see he drew part of the big prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, and he wants more stylish quarters. He's got the money and I guess he's happy. I wish I was in his place, that's all."

Mr. Dorsey is said to be a man in every way deserving the good luck that has been thrust upon him by chance. *Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche*, June 4.

MR. HENRY BERGH'S HUMANE WORK.

Probably no society in the city attracts more general attention than that for the prevention of cruelty to animals, of which Mr. Henry Bergh is the foremost and controlling spirit.

The society, Mr. Bergh says, has achieved most complete success. When first organized in 1863, there was not a single law in any State of the Union in which

KILRAIN AND CLEARY.

A Well-Contested Battle Between Pugilistic Giants.

The Referee Decides it a Draw, Although the Spectators Claim Kilrain was the Victor.

[With Portraits and Illustration.]

The excitement of the proposed meeting of Sullivan and Mitchell at Madison Square Garden on Monday evening, June 30, was augmented by the announcement of a preparative contest between two other heavy weights at the same place on Thursday evening, June 28. John Kilrain, the heavy-weight pugilist of Boston, and Mike Cleary, the clever "knocker-out" of this city, were to spar four rounds with soft gloves, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules, the winner to take the total receipts of the house.

The news published in the afternoon papers that the match between Sullivan and Mitchell was probably off, owing to the sickness of the latter, served to draw additional crowds to the Kilrain-Cleary fight, as the sporting men that were drawn to the city in expectation of the former event did not want to be balked in seeing something before they left town.

It was estimated that from four to five thousand spectators were assembled at Madison Square Garden to witness the contest. The ring was fixed on a raised platform erected in the center of the vast hall. The platform was thirty feet square, and twenty-four feet were roped off, leaving an outside platform of six feet all around, to obviate the knocking off the platform. Around this were grouped merchants, brokers and sporting men from all parts of the country, many of them intending to stay over for the Sullivan-Mitchell affair.

Mike Cleary is twenty-seven years of age, stands 5 feet 8½ inches high and weighed 165 pounds. His record is a very good one. He whipped Jimmy Weeden with the bare knuckles, knocked out George Cooke, and recently put William Sheriff, the Prussian, to sleep, once in New York and once in Philadelphia. In his encounter with Charles Mitchell he claimed he was out of condition, and has ever since been anxious and willing to make another match with him.

Jack Kilrain is twenty-three years of age, stands 5 feet 10½ inches high, and tipped the scales at 170 pounds. He has a very good local reputation and has sparred with some of the best men in this country. He bested William Sheriff, the Prussian, in a glove encounter, and it is said, held his own in a set-to with Charles Mitchell.

The betting a week before the contest was in favor of Cleary, at \$100 to \$80, with plenty of takers, but later on it was even money. The crowd was very orderly. A large platoon of police, under the command of Inspector Thorne and Capt. Williams, were stationed all around the building. At five minutes to ten, amid loud cheering, Cleary came on the stage. He was dressed in a white sleeveless shirt, white drawers and brown canvas shoes. Kilrain followed right after. He also wore white drawers and shirt and a regular black walking shoe. Cleary was attended by Mr. Ryan, while Kilrain was seen to by Tim McCarthy, John McAuliffe was time-keeper and Billy Edwards acted as referee.

At the close of the fourth round the referee declared the fight a draw. Kilrain, however, was considered by most of the spectators the better man, and that had the affair been fought to a finish he would have been the victor.

ROUND 1.—The men answered the call of time promptly, and going to the center of the ring, shook hands and threw themselves into fighting positions. After sparring a short time for an opening, Cleary led off with his left hand at the body and landed a light one on Kilrain's stomach. Then the men moved about for a moment, when Kilrain let his left fly at Cleary's body, and it reached home safely. There was then more sparring for an opening, and Cleary put in a heavy left-hander on the pit of Kilrain's stomach. Both men were short in their blows twice, doing more sparring than fighting. Then they each landed light blows on the stomach, and they did not seem anxious to do each other much mischief. Kilrain planted his left on Cleary's mouth after some more fencing for an opening, and Cleary returned the compliment on Kilrain's nose. There was more sparring, when Kilrain planted his left on Cleary's nose, and the latter swung in his right hand, which landed on Kilrain's left ear, which staggered him a trifle, and this was followed up by a light one on the mouth. The men then sparred a few moments, when Kilrain landed his right hand on the left side of Cleary's head. They sparred a moment more, and then Kilrain landed his left on Cleary's mouth, and getting close together they exchanged right-handers on the left side of each other's head. They now warmed up to their work, and exchanged right-handers twice on the left side of each other's head, and again broke away to take each other's measure. Kilrain was first to lead after short sparring, and planted his left in the center of Cleary's stomach, and the latter returned with his right at the same mark. Cleary again made an attempt with his left at the body, but was short. A walk around and they exchanged right-handers alongside of each other's head; but Cleary seemed to have lost his force, as his blows amounted to nothing. Another attempt and the men exchanged blows, Cleary getting on Kilrain's mouth, and the latter on Cleary's nose, which drew the claret, and while they were sparring around for an opening, "time" was called for them to go to their corners.

ROUND 2.—The ice being broken Kilrain came up with more confidence than he showed in the first round, and after a little sparring got in twice with his left on Cleary's stomach and once on the left side of his head without a return, Cleary's blows being nicely stopped. Getting close together again they countered each other with their left hands in the mouth, each drawing blood. Then Cleary got in two right handers on the left side of Kilrain's head and a left-hander in the front of his face, which brought the claret. Kilrain cautiously got in two counter-hits on Cleary's nose, and the blood flowed freely from both. The men then sparred around the stage as if for wind and an opening, when Kilrain's left dropped heavily on Cleary's mouth, starting a new tap. This blow was returned with interest, however, and it landed on Kilrain's proboscis. There was then some time spent in looking for an opening. At last Cleary landed his left on Kilrain's mouth, which brought them to

counter-hits in the front of the face, their large gloves covering their countenances like masks. Cleary a moment later made a desperate attempt to put in his right on the jaw of Kilrain, but missing that he in some way tripped and fell flat on the stage. Getting up quickly, he planted his left in Kilrain's stomach, for which favor he got a job in the mouth, which produced more of the ruby. The men then countered each other in the face, and trying again for mischief, they both missed their mark, and before they got together again time was called.

ROUND 3.—When the men came to the scratch Cleary's face showed marks of Kilrain's handwork, while the latter seemed fresh and without much damage, and he was to all appearance much the fresher man. They did not seem over-anxious to begin, however, and when they did the stomach was the objective point aimed at by both. They each got home on the virtualing department of the other, and a moment afterward they countered hard in the front of their faces, each turning on the tap afresh. A short spar and they countered a second time in the front of the face. Then they sparred for wind, as Cleary seemed to be much more fatigued than his opponent, his bellows being badly out of order. Coming together, they countered heavily on their mouths, Kilrain's blow being much the harder and turned on the tap anew from Cleary's lips and nose. Cleary then seeing an opening, let go, his right, which landed on the left side of Kilrain's jaw; but it did not seem to have any effect, and it was evident that there would be no knock-out on the part of him. A short spar, and they countered each other in the face, Kilrain's blow landing on Cleary's nose, and Cleary visited the other's left cheek. Some fast short-arm fighting followed, Kilrain having the best of it until time was called for the end of the third round.

ROUND 4, AND LAST.—Kilrain was the first to commence, but he missed his mark, when the men countered each other in the front of their faces, and then Kilrain delivered a hard right-hander on the left side of Cleary's head, which staggered him. Cleary came again, and made a desperate attempt to get his right hand hard on Kilrain's jaw, as he had done to Cooke and Sheriff, but when the blow landed it had no force, and then after a rally with left and right, in which Cleary got the worst of it, they broke away, each missing vicious right-handers. The fight went on in this way until the time was up, and the referee told them to shake hands and called it a drawn battle.

The managers of the affair were Billy Bennett, the popular sporting man of this city, Cleary's backer, and James Keenan, the king sporting man of Boston, who done all they could to have the affair come off in a successful manner. Keenan was elated by the good form and improvement Kilrain exhibited, and he is confident that Kilrain can defeat Sullivan.

The set-to was a capital display of scientific boxing and hard hitting. Capt. Williams done all in his power to keep order, and it was due to his good management that, while over 4,000 persons were present, there was no wrangling or trouble, and one would think they were at a prayer-meeting rather than a glove contest.

A BARTENDER'S ROMANCE.

One of the most romantic episodes known to the sleepy old city of Albany, N. Y., has just been divulged. The facts are that until within a few weeks ago there was employed at Henry Dorr's Cosmopolitan beer saloon in Albany a young man as bartender, going by the name of Charles Melz, whose classical accomplishments astonished many of the frequenters of the place. He possessed a knowledge of Greek and Latin, was ready at classical quotations, was an adept at fencing, and spoke fluently in English, French and Spanish, as well as in German. He was a handsome man, with the blonde German aspect, tall and slender, and cultivated a full blonde mustache. He was always reticent about himself, dressed very quietly, and seldom desired to talk with any one upon current affairs.

His skill in fencing was disclosed accidentally when a friend lunged at him with a cane, and he, coming outside the bar, took another cane, and in a few passes struck his friend two or three times in the ribs, and then, by a dexterous twist, wrested the weapon from him, throwing it twenty feet away. No one knew his history. He went on drawing beer, seldom drinking, and never telling the story of his life.

On May 29, a brother of Melz came into the saloon, and a warm greeting took place between them. The brother remained in Albany several days, when both came to New York. Before he left, Melz confided to Henry Dorr his history, which is one of the most curious romances outside of fiction.

He is the eldest son of Baron Steubendorf of Saxony, who is said to be one of the most powerful leaders of the opposition to Bismarck in that State, and was sent to Heidelberg University in 1877, when he was eighteen years old, to complete his education. While there, although a diligent student at his books, he was also a very studious scholar at the most necessary art in Heidelberg, that of fencing. He was also somewhat of a roysterer, and frequently complaints were made to his father by the Heidelberg authorities of his dangerous pranks.

One night, when young Melz and his fellow-students were more hilarious than usual, they serenaded the daughter of a wealthy burgher named Schnoppin, to whom Melz had been paying attention, and while doing so a patrol commanded by Lieut. Wertzen ordered them to disperse. Melz proposed coolly to the lieutenant that the two settle the matter between them with swords on the spot. The challenge was accepted, and in two passes Melz thrust his weapon through the lieutenant's breast. Melz's friends immediately hurried him away, and after several weeks of hiding he was enabled to cross the Vosges Mountains, and make his way by rail to Marseilles, whence he sailed for America.

He arrived in New York, attempted school-teaching, found it paid him little more than his board, went to Albany, and for nearly six months was a bartender for Dorr. In the meantime he had heard nothing from home, not having written for fear that his father would be implicated in his crime by the Bismarck regime, and it was only at the close of last month that he heard a word from home. The younger brother of Melz found him, after two years' search, and gave him the information that the father had died two years before and left his title to the elder brother (the bartender), with about 250,000 marks, or about \$60,000, a hundred acres of land and the ancestral mansions.

The two brothers found that the crime of the young nobleman in killing the lieutenant in a duel will probably be condoned. They expect to sail at once for home.

YALE VICTORIOUS.

The Annual Boat-Race Between Harvard and Yale Won by the Blue Ribbon Boys.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The ninth annual 4-mile boat race between the eight-oared University crews of Yale and Harvard colleges was rowed on Thursday afternoon, June 28, the course being on the Thames, from about a half-mile below Gate's Ferry, and ending at Winthrop's Point. The race, which commenced Wednesday evening, necessitating the postponement of the Harvard-Columbia Freshmen race, continued until 2 o'clock, when the sky brightened. The course was in perfect condition, with the tide and wind favorable.

At the word "go" both crews took the water together, both splashing and taking thirty-nine strokes to the minute. Yale showed her bow in front and at the half-mile was a half length ahead. Here Harvard drew up for a minute, but Yale gradually drew away and soon led by a length. Harvard, however, was not to be shaken off, and after a determined spurt on her part the boats were side by side for a quarter of a mile. Yale's coxswain headed the boat half a point off the course and Harvard immediately took advantage of this and slowly forged ahead amid immense enthusiasm, and led Yale by a quarter of a length at the mile flag.

Inspired by their comrades' cheers the wearers of the crimson increased their lead to half a length. Yale then made a tremendous spurt, slowly but surely pulled up to Harvard, and they were bow-and-bow at the two-mile flag. After passing this point No. 3 in the Yale boat caught a crab, but recovered so quickly that the momentum of the boat was not checked.

Harvard saw the mishap and spurted until it had a lead of a quarter of a length. It was here that the Yale men gathered themselves and made an exhibition of the finest rowing ever seen on the course.

They moved in perfect unison and pulled thirty-nine powerful strokes to the minute. Harvard was rowing but thirty-five strokes, and appeared demoralized. She nobly did all she could, but it was no use, for Yale kept up her thirty-nine stroke, slowly pulled up and passed her opponent, and at the two-and-a-half-mile flag led by half a length. She kept up the stroke, leaving Harvard, and at the three-mile stake led by three lengths. Harvard's No. 7 and 2 here showed signs of weakness, and could not respond to the call for a spurt. Yale kept increasing her lead to the finish and crossed the line in 20 minutes 31 seconds, the best time on record. Harvard's time was 20 minutes 46 seconds, which also beat all previous records, with one exception.

The record of the Yale-Harvard eight-oared races are as follows:

	HARVARD.	Weight.
1876—Yale won by 28 in 22m 2s.	167	
1877—Harvard won by 7s in 24m 36s.	163	
1878—Harvard won by 44s in 20m 45s.	169	
1879—Harvard won by 1m 3s in 22m 15s.	163	
1880—Yale won by 42s in 24m 27s.	163	
1881—Harvard won by 1s in 22m 12s.	163	
1882—Harvard won by 2s in 20m 47s.	163	
1883—Harvard won by 2s in 25m 40s.	163	
1884—Yale won by 1s in 20m 31s.	163	

Following are the names of the crews and their weights:

	HARVARD.	Weight.
Bow—R. S. Storrs, '85.....	159	
2—A. Keith, '85.....	163	
3—J. J. Storrow, '85.....	164	
4—F. L. Sawyer, L. S.	167	
5—W. G. Borland, '86.....	163	
6—S. J. Hudgens, '84.....	165	
7—W. S. Bryant, '84.....	164	
Stroke—R. P. Perkins, '84.....	170	
Coxswain—Charles Davis, '84.....	100	

	YALE.	Weight.
Bow—R. S. Storrs, '85.....	159	
2—Charles B. Hobbs, '85.....	163	
3—H. W. Patten, '86.....	164	
4—Alfred Cowles, Jr., '86.....	169	
5—Frank G. Peters, '86.....	170	
6—J. R. Parrott, L. S.	180	
7—J. F. Scott, '84.....	168	
Stroke—R. H. Flanders, '85.....	158	
Coxswain—L. E. Cadwell, '86.....	79	

"BILL."

[With Portrait.]

James Patterson, the noted sporting man's champion American-bred dog Bill, won the "Police Gazette" champion dog-collar at the Westminster Kennel Club show. The collar was offered for competition by Richard K. Fox, for the best American-bred bull-dog. Bill is acknowledged by good judges of dogs to be the very best specimen of his class in America—his father, Ben. The latter, with the finely-bred bitch Jennie, was imported by Mr. Davidon, of this city, from the Duke of Hamilton's kennel in England. Bill was their get, and he has inherited all the fine points which distinguish his finely-bred father and mother. He is now the property of Mr. James Patterson, at 209 Seventh avenue, who has repeatedly refused a good sum for him. At the last exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club, Bill easily gained the first prize against a large number of competitors, his many fine points being unmatched by any of the bull-dogs who were placed in competition with him.

He won first prize in open class in 1883, and a special prize for the best get of Ben. There was a collar offered by the *Sportsman* for the best bulldog in the show, and although Bill outmeasured the champion, Romulus, two points, the judge awarded the collar to Romulus. The owner of Bill, who was not in the ring, protested, but could get no satisfaction.

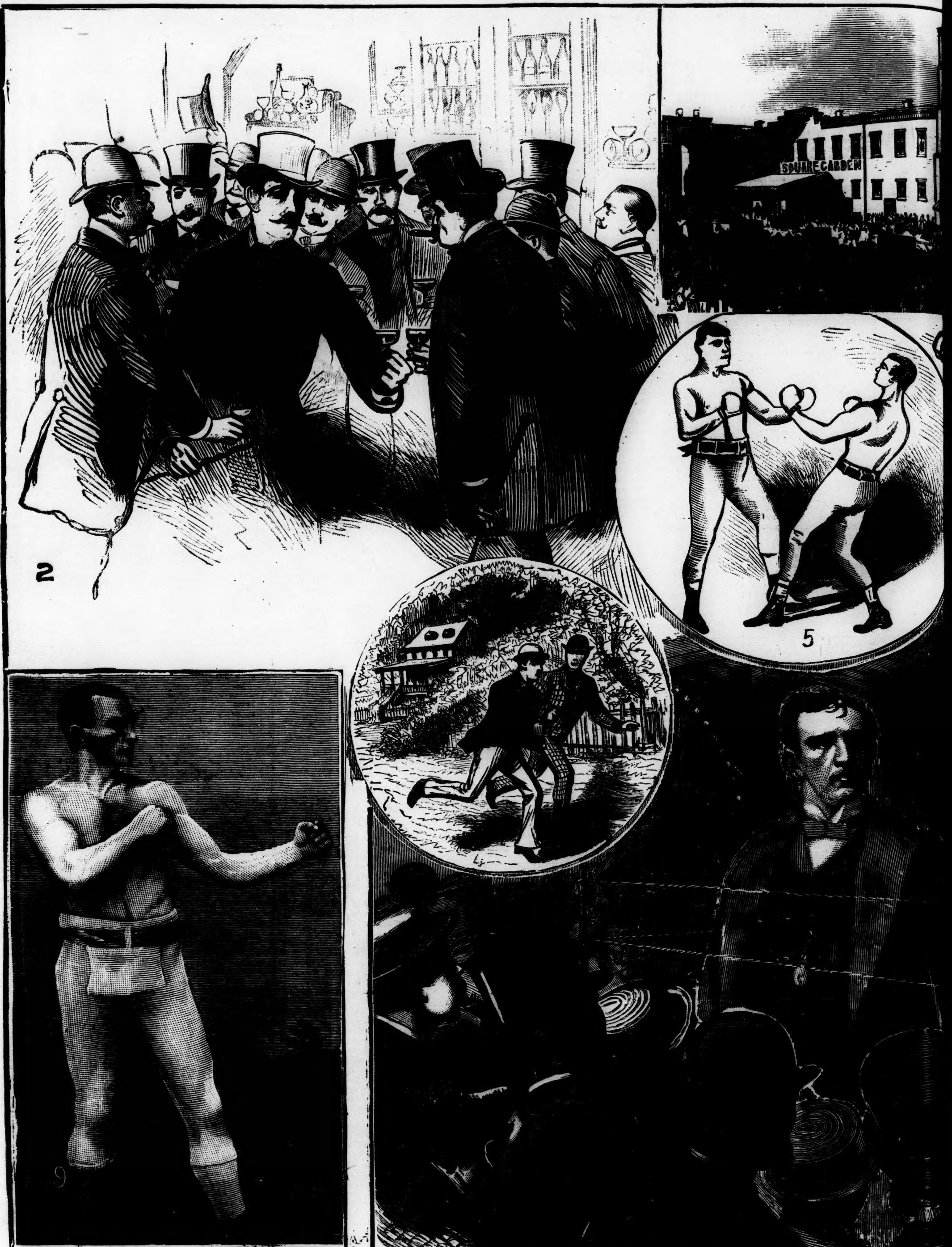
PAINTED HER RIVAL WITH TAR.

The town of Aurora, Ind., has been gloating over a capital sensation—the tarring of a woman by a divorced wife and three other jealous women, in which the feathering was omitted on account of disappointment in not getting the material. Mrs. John Houton, or rather the divorced wife of Mr. John Houton, has had her jealousy excited by the fact that John Houton, her former husband, had rooms in the same building with a Mrs. Amelia Owens, a widow, and according to Mrs. Houton's notions, was suspiciously attentive to her. It was a tenement house that was thus occupied by the suspected pair, and Mrs. Owens lived in the second story of it. Mrs. John Houton, with three sympathizing women, set out with a pot of tar and a paint-brush on June 23. They arrived at the house of Mrs. Owens at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded to business at once. Mrs. Owens was first gagged and then stripped stark naked and thrown on the floor. Mrs. Houton's three assistants, all able-bodied and determined women, held the victim down while Mrs. Houton, with her paint-brush, painted her thoroughly from head to foot with tar. This process was kept up for a long time, in expectation

that a woman who was to get a lot of feathers for the occasion would arrive with them, but she failed to put in an appearance, and so the feathering was omitted. The women then made Mrs. Owens promise that she would not reveal their names, whereupon they took leave. Mrs. Owens immediately forgot her promise to keep the secret, called for help to get the tar off her body, and told the names of her persecutors.

How much ground Mrs. Houton had for her suspicion against Mrs. Owens cannot be estimated accurately. It required nearly two hours' hard work by two of Mrs. Owens' neighbors to cleanse her body tolerably, which they did at last by the use of grease to soften the tar, and dull case-knives and strong soap-suds to remove it. The difficulty in getting the stuff out of her hair, which was matted with it, was greatest, and the effort was attended with only partial success. Then Mrs. Owens' apartments were left in a terrible plight, with the floor and the furniture tarred, and fragments of her torn clothing sticking fast in all sorts of places.

HIS LANDLORD'S LIFE.

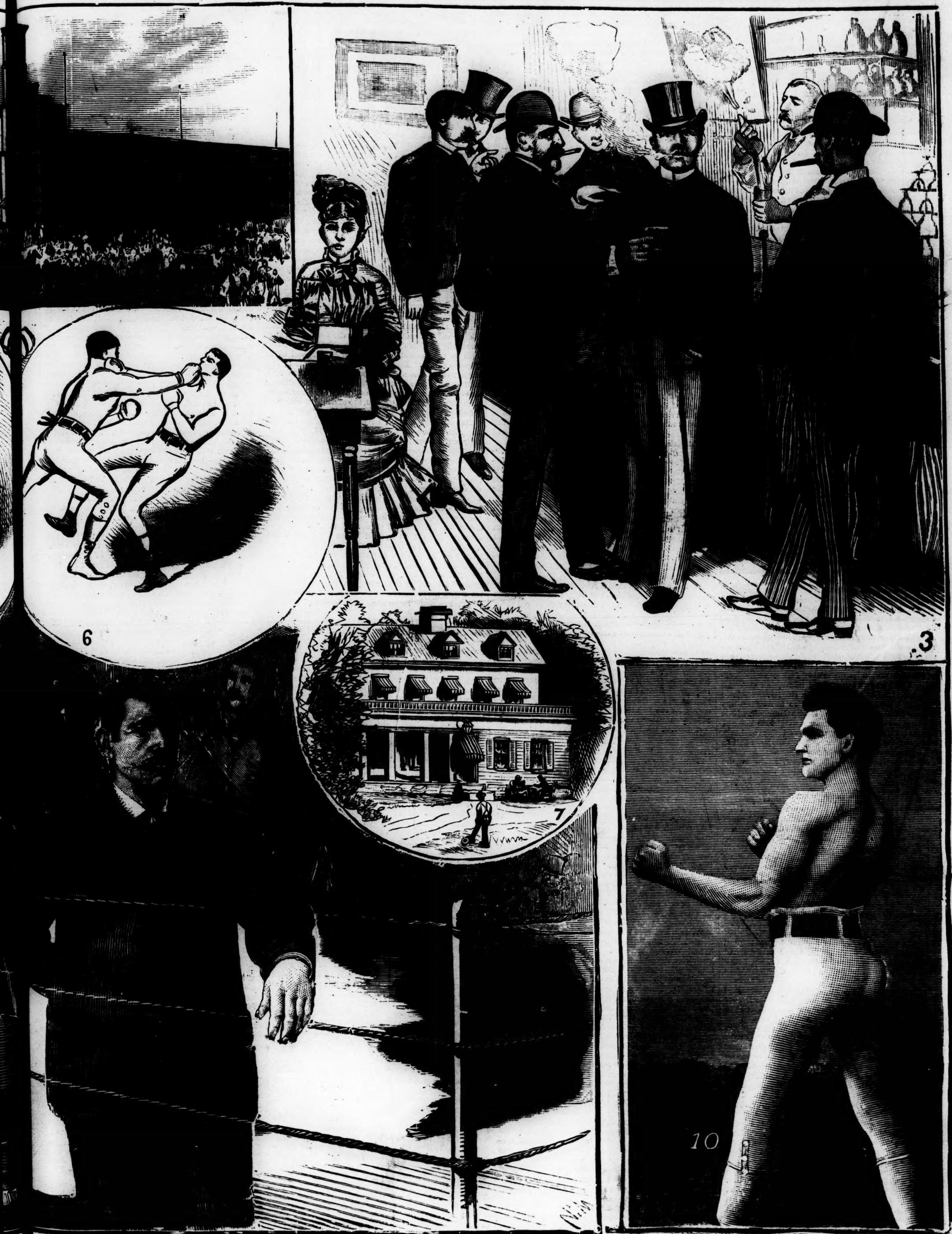


THE GREAT FISTIC FIZZLE

FIFTEEN THOUSAND ADMIRERS OF THE MANLY ART ARE BADLY VICTIMIZED AFTER PAYING TWO DOLLARS EACH TO WITNESS A MATCH BETWEEN

No. I—Sullivan and Mitchell Appearing on the Stage to Explain; Sullivan Roundly Hissed. No. II—John L. Sullivan Doing Some Bad Training at the Bar of the Ashland House. No. III—A Good Glove Fight Between Prof. J. J. Bagley and Pete McCoy. No. IV—Sullivan's Training Quartet. No. V—

FROM SKETCHES BY ALICE G.



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

BENJAMIN AND MITCHELL, AND GO AWAY DISAPPOINTED OWING TO THE GREAT JOHN L. HAVING IMBIBED TOO MUCH OF MUMM'S EXTRA DRY.

Howley Mitchell Being Congratulated by his Friends after the Fiasco. No. IV—Mitchell Training at Pleasure Bay. No. V—A Lively Set-to Between Mike Donovan and Steve
 No. VIII—Madison Square Garden, Nos. IX and X—Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the two Heroes of the Occasion.
 S. D. GAZETTE ARTISTS.

THE PRIZE RING.

What is Going on Among the Fistic Brotherhood.

Some Interesting News and Spicy Gossip of Past and Coming Encounters with the Mawleys.

Advices from Sydney, Australia, state that after the Sydney cup, a fight came off at the back of Randwick Race-course, between James Lawson, a darkie, and Alec Agar, for £25 a side, which terminated fatally to Agar. Lawson is a well-made lad of twenty-one years, weighs about 9 stone 6 pounds, and stands 5 ft. 4 inches. Agar was about 4 pounds lighter, but an inch taller than Lawson. The latter has fought some very good battles with the gloves, having defeated Jack King, the champion light weight of Victoria. He is possessed of considerable science, hits hard with both hands, is a good wrestler, and can take a lot of punishment. The fight came off at 5 o'clock in the morning and was witnessed by about 200 spectators. Twelve rounds were fought, both men proving they were no novices at the game. Lawson, however, always had the best of it, getting well on the face and chest, and throwing Agar frequently, though he invariably refrained from falling upon him. At the end of the twelfth round it was observed something was the matter with Agar, as he looked very queer, and immediately fell off his second's knee. The poor fellow was placed in a cab, accompanied by two friends, but ere he arrived at the hospital, his destination, he died. Lawson, the seconds, and several of the spectators, including a policeman, were quickly apprehended and lodged in Darlinghurst. After the case had been investigated by the coroner, Lawson and the seconds were committed for trial on the charge of manslaughter, the others being discharged. It is not considered Lawson will get a heavy sentence, as there was evidently something wrong with the unfortunate man internally.

The *Pacific Life* of San Francisco says the arrival of Peter Lawler, the pugilist, stirred up the leaven in Portland, Oregon, pugilistic circles to a considerable extent. Lawler's abilities as a fighter have been decried, and on all sides it was alleged that he had never fought a winning battle in his life, and had neither science nor courage. Neither of these statements are true, as it is well known to the sporting fraternity of California that Lawler is a very clever boxer. The poor opinion entertained of Pete's combative qualities led to a street fight recently with Dave Campbell, in which Lawler received more punishment than he gave. This aroused the Irish that was sleeping in Peter's breast and he sought out his assailant and challenged him to an encounter in the ring.

It appears that this was the very end that Campbell was seeking and that he had attacked Lawler for the very purpose of provoking a challenge. The two met and signed articles to fight an old-fashioned prize-fight for a purse of £200 within three weeks. Both men have put up a forfeit and the whole affair looks like business. The place where the contest will take place has not yet been selected. Campbell will train under the care of Jimmy Bates and Tom Manning, while Lawler will be put in condition for the mill by Jack O'Neil. Campbell is a well-known athlete and boxer, and although he has had no experience in the ring, is a very good boxer and hard hitter. He is said to be a game man. The advantage of age and size is with Campbell, who is but twenty-two years of age, and weighs 180 pounds. Lawler thirty-seven years of age and tips the beam at 170, but says he will fight at 156. Campbell thinks his fighting weight will be about 175 pounds.

Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist, is now on the Pacific Slope. He recently published the following challenge in the *Pacific Life*:

David L. Levy, Esq.:

SIR—I hereby challenge Tom Barry, the *Pacific Life* champion, to meet me in a hard-glove contest within five weeks from date, conditions, stakes, and other preliminaries to be hereafter mutually agreed upon. I am willing to fight under either Marquis of Queensberry rules, or the rules of the London prize ring, at any time or place agreeable to Mr. Barry. Hoping that my communication will receive an early reply, I am

BILLY LYNN.

Some time ago it was reported that Owney Geoghegan, the well-known sporting man and retired pugilist, was dying at Honolulu, Hawaii Islands. The following letter proves that the report was not true:

HONOLULU June 19, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—In reply to your letter I would say that Owen Geoghegan left here in April for San Francisco, and improved in health somewhat. I have not heard from him yet, but I am satisfied he is not dead. With best wishes, I am yours truly,

JAS. WELSH.

Reports from Australia state that George Powell and Jack King are again matched, for £100, to box, under the Queensberry rules, till one has had enough, the match to take place in Melbourne. This, in all probability, will furnish one of the best fights ever witnessed in the Colonies, both being in the height of vigor, and possessed of every scientific and game attribute, as amply proved by the previous encounter between them in Sydney, in which they fought fifty-one rounds in three hours and a half, and the fight was declared a draw. King has engaged in many a hard battle. This was Powell's first big fight, but, if I mistake not, he is one of the best light weights ever seen in a ring.

The following are the full particulars of the prize fight recently fought at Young America, about thirty-eight miles from Minneapolis, Minn., between Jack Keefe, of Philadelphia, and Patsy Mellin, of England:

At an exhibition at Market Hall, Minneapolis, Keefe announced his desire to fight any man in the Northwest for money. A few days after Patsy Mellin, a modest young Englishman, living in Minneapolis, and noted for being handy with his fists, signified his willingness to meet the Eastern man, and articles were signed between them to fight with hard gloves for a purse of £20. The men went into training, one at Lake Calhoun and the other at Minnehaha. Betting was quite lively on them between the friends of Mellin and of Donaldson, whose guest Keefe was.

The special train engaged for the occasion started from the Manitoba depot, containing nearly 200 people anxious to see the sport. Keefe and his trainer got aboard a few miles out of the city, and Mellin and his party at Excelsior. The train switched off on the Pacific division of the Minneapolis & St. Louis, and finally stopped at a point in the wilderness about a

mile and a half from Young America, and thirty-eight miles from Minneapolis. A level spot was selected near the track, under the shade of towering oaks, and the regulation 24-foot ring pitched. James Callaghan, of St. Louis, was chosen referee, and Col. Brand, of Philadelphia, time-keeper.

The following is a concise description of the rounds in detail:

ROUND 1.—Considerable preliminary sparring. Mellin leading the fighting, getting in a good body blow with the left and making the most face and neck hits.

ROUND 2.—After sparring a little, Keefe closed with Mellin, catching him about the neck, both delivering good blows, Mellin putting another good smasher among Keefe's ribs. He rallied immediately and again got Mellin's head in chancery. Foul was called, but not allowed. They separated, and Mellin forced the fighting, drawing the first claret amidst wild shouts on the part of his backers. He bled, too, however, and after another close, time was called.

ROUND 3.—Keefe had been having the worst of it, but came up strong and planted two in succession on the frontispiece of his opponent, who returned with two body hits. Heavy slugging ensued, each getting some fierce blows in the head and neck. Mellin fell, giving his adversary the first knock-down. He was up immediately, not waiting for his 10 seconds, and the slugging continued, both retiring spitting blood, but Keefe looking a little the stronger.

The fourth, fifth, six and seventh rounds were unexciting, as Mellin seemed to have the thing all his own way.

ROUND 8.—Mellin forced the fighting, but got none the best of it, Keefe countering well and biting viciously, and finally closing. On breaking, Keefe was sent to the ropes again by one of Mellin's left-handers, but retaliated with two smashers on Mellin's face. He tried to return them, but was knocked down again.

ROUND 9.—Long sparring for wind. Mellin got a bad one in the ribs, and before he could recover his opponent's arm was about his neck again, and his head was receiving severe pummeling. On separating, Mellin put in two of his favorite body blows, but got what Keefe called "a laller" in the mouth, bringing him again to grass. As the round closed Mellin's friends were feeling very sulky, and a war between seconds seemed imminent, when they were all ordered outside the ring.

ROUND 10.—Long sparring for wind, and much spitting of blood. Keefe led with his right, bringing Mellin to the ground again. Here, as in the seventh round, Keefe showed a disposition to fight with his teeth, and while the seconds were disputing with the referee over a claim of foul, time was called.

ROUND 11.—Keefe showed up the better, made a good hit with his left, and closed. On separating they sparred for wind several seconds, when both got in good blows. They closed, and had not separated when time was called.

ROUND 12.—Hard slugging, each getting and receiving severe punishment. Mellin seemed weak, but recovered well as time was called.

ROUND 13.—Mellin's hard rib-breakers, of which he made four more, began to tell on his adversary, who saw his only chance was to close, which he did three times.

ROUND 14.—After sparring, Keefe again closed and pounded viciously with his right. Mellin, perceiving that he had no remedy from this foul play and that he must soon be defeated if this kept on, broke away, and gathering strength for one supreme effort, made a mad rush across the ring and, encouraged by the shouts of his friends, landed his left in Keefe's belly just above the belt, and with the right sought his nose. The onslaught was irresistible. Keefe fell heavily into his corner for the first time, and refusing to respond after 16 seconds, Mellin was declared the victor.

B. J. S., of Madison, Ind., writes as follows:

MADISON, IND., June 21, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—Being an old admirer of manly sports and sporting matters generally for the past fifty years, witnessing, in my time, some of the most exciting events in sporting life, I must say that, while I give credit to the present "gang" for the high stage of efficiency, especially those that are votaries of the manly art, still there was just as good men forty and fifty years ago as there is to-day. In those old times everything was on the "square." Men prided themselves on their strength, manhood and honor. Chicanery, etc., was unknown. In those days of "Knock-out" Slugger Sullivan, "Marquis of Queensberry" and "Police Gazette" Revised rules and prize fights in general, let me tell you of a novel prize fight that took place, and created as much excitement at that time as any fight that ever took place in this country. I allude to the great prize fight that took place at "Bloody Island," near St. Louis, May, 1851, between two women, known as the "Red-headed Woman from New Orleans" and the "Black-haired Woman from St. Louis," for \$1,000 a side. Both were the mistresses of a Mississippi river steamboat captain, and fell out on account of jealousy. They agreed to settle their differences in true pugilistic style. Both went into active training, which evidently was thorough, for the science and skill displayed by both were grand for women. Both were dressed in trunks, close fitting, armless shirts, tights, spiked shoes and hair cropped close. The New Orleans woman, or the red-headed one, was the tallest and some 15 pounds heavier, but "youth, which will always be served," told in behalf of the St. Louis girl, who was younger, lighter and more lively on her pins. Twenty-seven rounds were fought. The claret flowed freely, and the battle was won by the St. Louis woman. So great was the excitement of the time that nine crowded steamboats of men witnessed the fight. The ring was pitched near the center of the island, affording all a good view. Betting at the start was \$100 to \$90 on the St. Louis woman, who won. I should like to see the GAZETTE republish an account of this amazonian "passage-at-arms."

Hanley, the pugilist who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment at Omaha, Neb., for engaging in a prize fight with Jim Fell in Saunders county, Nev., has appealed the case, and will have a hearing in the Supreme Court.

There was a rattling off hand scrap at Blissville, I., on June 21. The contestants were Charlie Johnson, middle-weight amateur boxer, of Hunter's Point, and Jimmy Murphy, known as "Sled reammer Jim," of Laurel Hill. Johnny Irwin, of Wiliamsburgh, acted as Johnson's second, and Billy Collier filled the same capacity for Murphy. It was give and take until the sixth round, when Johnson fairly knocked Murphy out of time.

There was a slashing glove fight at South End, Boston, on June 24, between Ned Harnett, of London, and George La Blanche, the marine, of Boston. The room in which the battle took place was small, and

many of those present sat for an hour and a quarter in their shirt-sleeves.

About five minutes after the bell in the steeple of a neighboring church tolled the hour of 9 o'clock, Harnett made his appearance in the ring. Accompanying him was the light weight, Jack Williams, and his backer, Symes. Harnett's appearance physically was not good. He appeared too fat. The marine, who followed him into the ring, was the picture of good health. There was not a spare ounce of flesh observable anywhere upon the portion of his frame that was bared from his waist up. Accompanying him was Dan Gill and Mike Gillespie.

The gloves were next brought on. Referee Billy Mahoney tendered them to the Englishman, that he might make a choice. He did, taking the two right-hand mittens and handing to Dan Gill the other two for the marine's use. Gill discovered the mistake immediately, and quite a laugh was called forth by the facetious remarks of the latter as he went to the Britisher's corner to get the proper mitt. Mahoney then introduced the men and time was called.

Harnett stepped to the center of the ring. After shaking hands the men eyed each other for a few moments and cautiously moved around. As they faced each other, every one that had seen Sheriff, the Prussian, when he met Kilrain at Cambridge, was struck with the resemblance to him that Harnett presented in both form and action. La Blanche's face, it was observed, wore a cool, cautious look, and he was about to venture out his right when the Englishman caught him square upon the mug with his left. The momentary silence that pervaded previously had now departed and both men went at it with a will.

Harnett fought like a demon and with both hands. He rushed the marine up against the ropes, caught him on the body, planted hot ones on the head, and closed the sortie by clinching with La Blanche and throwing him to the ground. La Blanche got up and as he stood in front of Harnett he appeared at sea, and acted as if he was afraid of his man, and when Harnett again made a rush at him La Blanche ducked and caught him around the body. Another wrestle, and both men went to the ground, the marine on top. "No wrestling; stand out in the center and fight away," yelled the referee; but, notwithstanding his caution, the men clinched again and again, and once more they went down, La Blanche over a chair in the Englishman's corner. They had just got squared away for more work when the time limit arrived and they went to their corners. "Why don't that marine meet that fellow with his left?" said the Champion Sullivan, who was sitting in the corner of the room. "Pass the word to Gill to have the marine meet him with his left," he continued. "Go down to his corner," said another bystander, and the champion sild along by the side of the ring to La Blanche's corner. He got there just as the referee called time and could only say to La Blanche, "Meet him with your left," when the Englishman was starting the round by sending in his left on La Blanche's forehead. La Blanche, encouraged by the friendship evinced for him by the champion, did meet the Britisher with his left, and also with his right, and never was there a more interesting or determined struggle than that which ensued. La Blanche was cool and collected, and rained blow after blow upon Harnett's head and neck, and in one minute from the commencement of the round he opened a gash in the Englishman's skull. He got some terrible blows in return, but his physical condition was such that although at times dazed he would quickly recover. He fought slow, however, and allowed a number of opportunities to slip by which incensed his friends, who were shouting to him from all sides to go in and win. During the remainder of the round he fought the Englishman to the floor three different times, two of the falls by Harnett being of the Tug Wilson-Robinson nature.

It was evident now that Harnett was overmatched, but it was thought that he would stay through the six rounds without being knocked out, and people with that belief were strengthened in it when, upon coming to time in the third round, he planted two direct left-handers upon La Blanche's face. They were the last two direct blows, however, that he struck during the remainder of the battle, as the marine had been given a tip during the previous one-minute walk that when put into practice made the Englishman wince, and left him at the mercy of La Blanche.

Up to this time the marine had been fighting for one blow. He was waiting to get his right in on the jugular of the Britisher. It had got there a number of times, forcibly enough, too, to make Harnett wince and stagger, but never with sufficient force to accomplish the object of La Blanche, a clean knockout. Now, however, the marine commenced work upon the Englishman's belly. He struck Harnett's abdomen a terrible left-hander, and as Harnett doubled, La Blanche gave him an upper cut with the right that sent the blood in all directions from the nose of the Englishman and from the gash in his head. Harnett was dazed and dim. He tried to escape punishment by clinching, but La Blanche threw him heavily from him, once throwing him with terrible force against one of the corner stakes.

The left-hander in the belly and the right hand upper-cut scheme of La Blanche worked beautifully. He smashed Harnett around the stage, battering him all over the head and body, and from sheer punishment and an inability to do anything in return, caused the Englishman to settle to the floor. Harnett laid prone, and was assisted amid the wildest excitement to his feet by his second, Jack Williams. This act on the part of his second was sufficient to lose him the match, but knowing that he was a whipped man the referee ordered the fight to continue. Harnett, at the expiration of the 10 seconds allowed by the rules to regain his feet, came to the center of the ring, and for a few moments longer he was a football for the marine to practice upon. By squatting in all directions he endeavored to avoid the punishment that the marine was inflicting, but to no purpose, and two minutes from the time that he faced La Blanche at the outset of the round he again settled to the floor. Again his second picked him up, but when he was called, although he came up to the center of the ring, it was not for the purpose of fighting. He was through. He had had enough, and he acknowledged his defeat by extending his hand to La Blanche, who grasped it. Referee Mahoney gave the battle to the marine, and the crowd dispersed.

G. Pearson, of Northampton, England, recently defeated W. Hibberd, of London, in an old style set to for £20 at Northampton.

William Sheriff, the Prussian, will fight James Melville in Minneapolis or St. Paul, Minn., within two or three weeks with small gloves, the winner to take the receipts.

TOM CRIBB.

(Continued from No. 354.)

ROUND 2, continued.—A series of exchanges of almost unexampled severity followed, considerably in favor of Cribb, although by planting a heavy blow on the lip Molineaux had first blood decided in his favor. In spite of this, the superiority of Cribb's science was so apparent that his supporters took heart of grace and loudly offered two to one.

"Come, Mellish," cried Grosvenor to that levitan book maker, "won't you take 2,000 to 1,000?"

But Mellish shook his head, and for a moment the bet was left untaken; but the Duke of Hamilton, who had a tremendous "pot" on the champion, accepted it for a hedge.

ROUND 3.—Very little done beyond some capital sparring and heavy right-hander delivered by the champion on the black's ribs, which made him wince again.

ROUND 4.—Molineaux again went in to force the fighting, evidently at Richmond's orders, who fancied the champion would not relish being deprived of his usual dodge; but Cribb, never attempting to avoid him, allowed him to get well within distance and then full between the eyes let the whole weight of his body go with the hit, and there was no mistake this time about the first knock-down blow. Loud cheers from the English side, while the backers of the black looked blue.

ROUND 5.—Another tremendous round. Slugging of the most determined kind from beginning to end. At the commencement Molineaux "rallied" with uncommon fortitude, but did little execution at first, although he warded off the champion's return with considerable dexterity. Then he landed "starter" on Cribb's left eye, and Tom at once went in to repay the compliment with interest. Fighting at half-arm, both heroes were now in for a splendid series of exchanges, which made the spectators hold their breaths with suspense. Again and again hit and counter hit were exchanged, and neither man seemed inclined to get out of distance or to end the round. It seemed simply a question of endurance as to which would tire first; but after this had continued for some time the black fell from a not very heavy blow on the chest. It was the opinion of that high authority, Capt. Barclay, of Ury, the famous athlete and pedestrian, that for fair "give and take" he had never in his life seen a round to equal this; and the effect it had on the spectators was decidedly favorable to the black, although he had got somewhat the worst of it, for he had shown that there could be no doubt about his pluck, while many of the keenest observers were somewhat anxious about Cribb's wind, in consequence of his want of condition, and fancied, too, that the black was rather the stronger man.

ROUND 6.—At the very commencement of the round the black planted a heavy blow on Cribb's frontispiece, which leveled him—the state of the flooring, however, which by this time was very wet and slippery, being in some measure responsible for his fall.

ROUND 7.—Some severe in-fighting, with heavy exchanges, ending with a heavy blow under the black's left ear, which sent him to the ground.

ROUND 8.—On coming to the scratch both men looked considerably the worse for the wear, and Cribb, who in all his battles displayed quite as much the general as the private soldier, showed by his tactics he had discovered the great mistake he had made in undervaluing the qualities of the black, and was now convinced that in order to win he would have to resort to all his knowledge of the noble science. Consequently he began in far more scientific style than he had yet exhibited, and sent in a succession of left-handed blows which fairly seemed to puzzle Molineaux, who received heavily, without one effective parry, on the side of the head, on the right eye, and on the ribs. Yet still he stood up in the most gallant manner, attempting to get to in-fighting, but continuing to receive all round, and being decidedly weak in his exchanges, until at last he went to the ground almost in a state of stupor.

ROUND 9.—Although poor Molineaux had been so terribly punished in the last round, he was well up to the call of time, and at once went into close fighting, when, much to the dismay of those who had laid long odds, it was evident that Cribb was suffering from weakness and was anxious for time to recover him-self. The shouts from the backers of the black became almost ecstatic, and these were increased a hundred-fold when Molineaux fairly bore through the champion's guard, and, delivering a hot 'un' on the ivory box, brought him to the ground. Hedging was now the order of the day, and those who had invested too deeply on the champion were anxious to bet even on the foreigner. They were not without takers, however, for there were a few quiet ones present who knew the game and enduring pluck of the champion, his unflinching resources in moments of difficulty and danger

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points About the Players---News and Gossip From All Over the Country.

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was passed, and the indignant attorney and his many followers on the Sunday-breaking side are making a fierce fight against the ordinance to prove it null and void.

WILSON, in the Boston-Philadelphia game of June 17, was thinking of his glorious old school-days when he was a pig-headed, stubborn jackass, and the pride of his class, and in order to show the Boston boys how popular he was in his school-days, he gave them a sample of his former self, by refusing to give after a short hit, letting the runner reach first base, and remarking that it was the last game he would play. Capt. Morrell persuaded him that he was no longer a boy, and that he had grown up to manhood, by fining him \$10 for his monkey-business.

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Duchess.

Duchess is a brown mare, rather undersized, but racy-like and muscular and is sired by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington.

She was bred by Hon. August Belmont at his Nursery Stud Farm, near Babylon, L. I. She made her first appearance as a two-year-old in the great two-year-old Post stakes, at Sheephead Bay spring meeting, which she won after a driving finish with the Dwyers' entry Benton, Water Lily, Evelle and Tolu being also behind her.

She next won the Sapling stakes at Monmouth, in the fast time of 2:18 1/2, considering the heavy state of the track.

She then trained off, and after two or three efforts to win, was wisely let up for the year. This year she has shown the highest class of racing form, winning the Ladies' stakes at Jerome Park, and the Mermaid stakes at Coney Island with the greatest ease, beating the great Louisette, Economy, Nonage, Tolu and others. With health, she looks to have all the filly stakes at her mercy, unless the pride of the Kittson stable, Issequena, should be able to make her lower her standard.

Mooney's Two Brides.

James J. Mooney, of Perry county, Pa., is on his second wedding trip, his first having been made fourteen months ago. He has been stopping with his bride for a few days with a relative, a farmer of Central Susquehanna county. Two years ago Mooney was engaged to be married to a Miss Anna McGarry, the daughter of a farmer in Perry county. At a Sunday-school picnic Mooney found fault with his affianced because she received the attentions of another young man. A quarrel resulted, and the engagement was broken off. Mooney then began paying his attentions to Betty, the sixteen-year-old sister of his late betrothed. They became engaged, and the day was set for the wedding. Two days before that Miss Betty took offense at something her intended had said or

done, and broke the engagement. Mooney was unable to change her mind, and the elder sister, his first love, who had not spoken to him since they had become estranged, wrote to him, expressing her regrets that her sister had treated him so shabbily. He renewed his suit to Miss Anna's hand, and was again accepted. They were married in the spring of 1883. Mrs. Mooney died three months later.

Last winter the young widower began paying his attentions again to the younger, who had refused to marry him a year before, after all the arrangements had been made for the wedding. She accepted him again, and they were married on Tuesday, June 17, and are taking the same route on their wedding tour that Mooney and his first bride did.

Fay Templeton.

Although young in years and a comparative new-comer, Fay Templeton gives every evi-

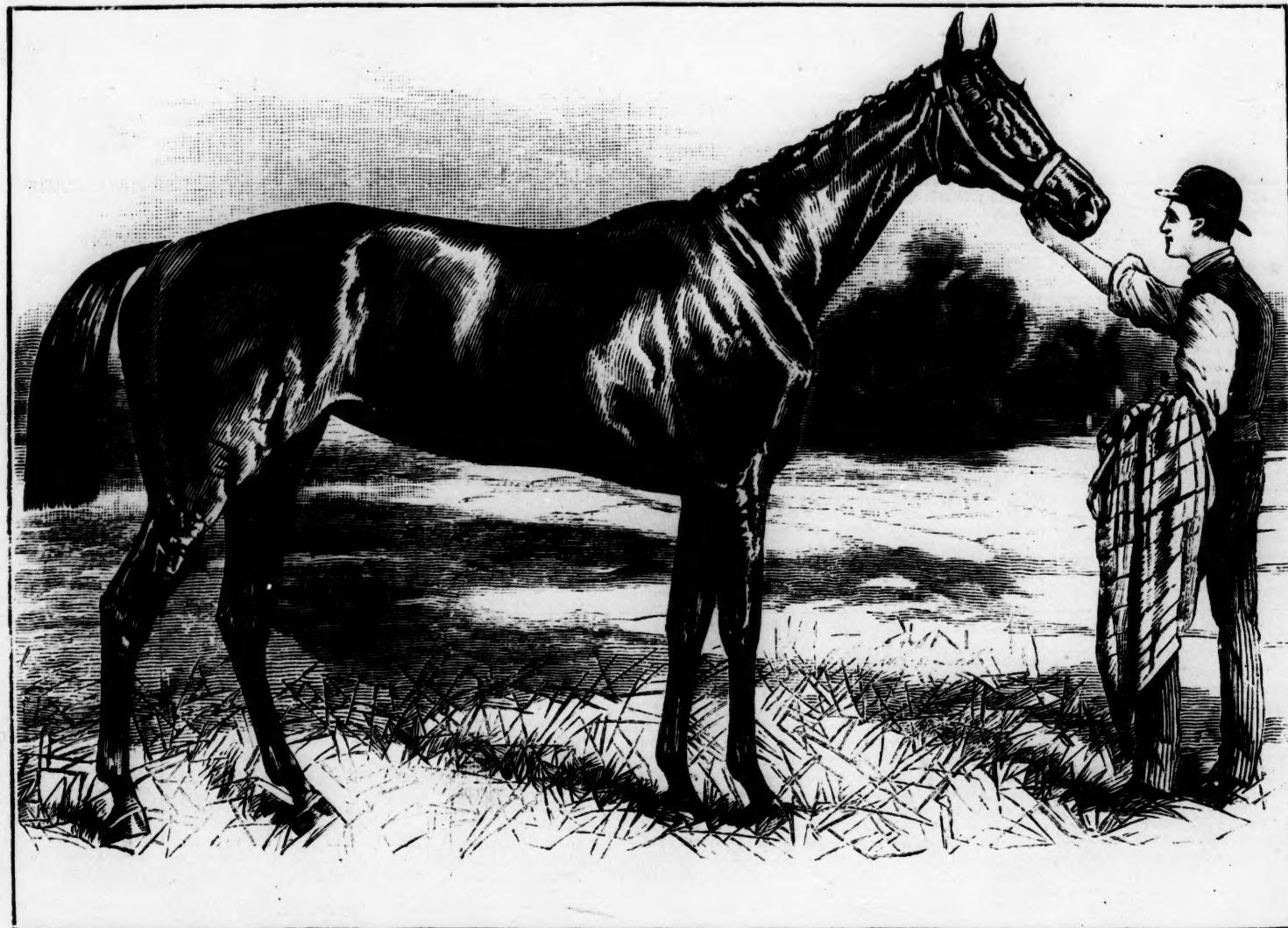
dence of being the coming prima-donna of comic opera. She has a bright, pretty face, her acting is arch and pliant, and her voice pleasantly melodious. She has proved a great favorite wherever she has appeared, and her return engagements have always been satisfactory. She is one of the few comic opera singers who are conscientious in the performance of their duties, and her winsome ways and ingénue manners have made her a genuine favorite wherever she has appeared.

Maurice Barrymore.

Maurice Barrymore is a clever young English actor who first came into prominence in this country in Daly's company. For several years he has supported Mine. Modjeska, and has won no little fame as a *jeune premier*. Lately, he has developed no inconsiderable talent as a dramatist, his play, "Nadjezda" being proved one of the most exciting and remarkable dramas writ-

seventeen years old, and has been keeping it up ever since by getting spliced at least once every three or four years. In the spring of 1882, he got a divorce from his first wife, which left him a free man, all the intermediate marriages being null and void. In the fall of the same year he was married at Newark, N. J., and it is on this that the prosecution will be based, as it is claimed that this was, without any doubt, a legal marriage.

Miss Whitney is now in New York, and is thoroughly cured of her romantic turn of mind, as the spell is broken and she is well satisfied as to what stripe of a villain the party is. The marriage is null and void if the state of things exists as understood by the prosecution, and, as a matter of form, a decree may be entered by her attorney. As for the prisoner himself, his main chance for freedom will be in showing either that the Newark marriage was not a legal one, or that he had since obtained a divorce.



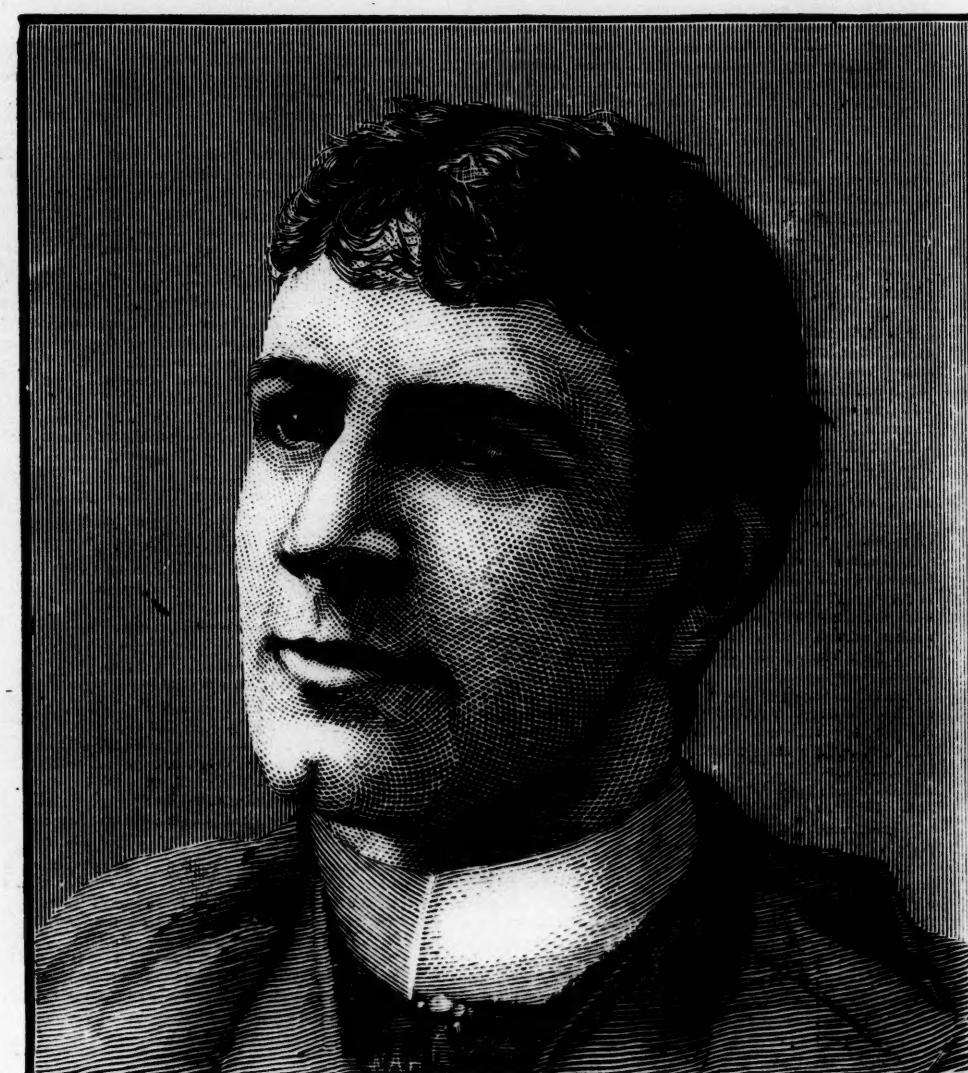
DUCHESS.

WINNER OF THE LADIES' STAKES AT JEROME PARK, AND THE MERMAID STAKES AT CONEY ISLAND.



FAY TEMPLETON.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]



MAURICE BARRYMORE.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

ten in several years. So great, indeed, was its success, that Mr. Barrymore intends starring in it next season. He has also sold another exciting drama, called "The Don," to Harry Lee, who will take it through the country.

Bigamist Neiveille's Nations.

Charles Neiveille, the self-styled baron of Canada and the United States, was indicted June 19, at Toledo, Ohio, for bigamy. The two principal witnesses were Messrs. C. T. Whitney and G. W. Moore, his attorney. It seems that, although there have been a good many ceremonies performed for the baronet and his numerous charmed ones, they were not legal ones, as he had a wife then living. Hence, although actionable for bigamy as to themselves, they could not be used as a basis for the present prosecution. The only one that could is the New Jersey marriage of 1882.

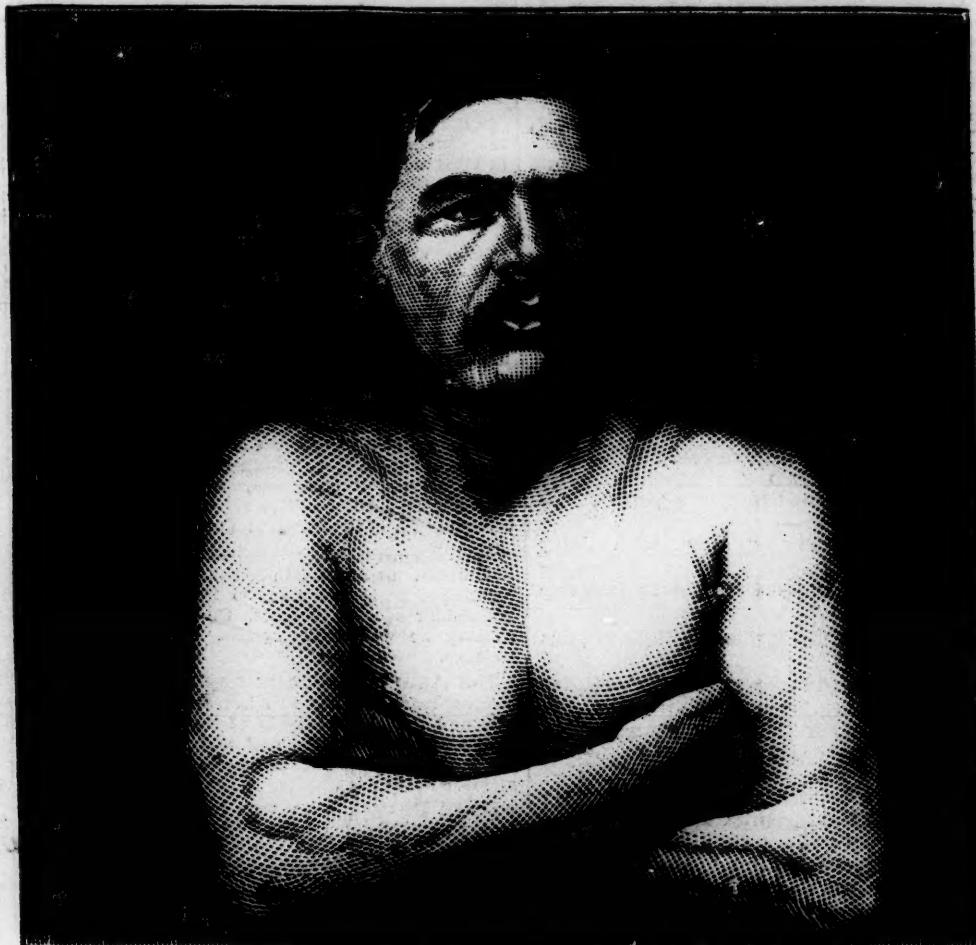
The whole situation involves rather a curious state of affairs, and puts the prosecution at no little disadvantage. Neiveille commenced his remarkable matrimonial career in 1860 by getting married when he was only



BILL.

MR. JAMES PATTERSON'S NOTED SPORTING DOG, WINNER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DOG-COLLAR.

[Photo by John Wood.]



JAMES FINNEY.

THE CHAMPION ENGLISH SWIMMER, WHO CHALLENGES ANY MAN IN THE WORLD.

James Finney.

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish a portrait of James Finney, the champion swimmer of England. Finney has just published a challenge in the *Sporting Life*, London, to swim any man in the world. The following is the *deft*:

LONDON, ENG., June 14, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—In order to set at rest the fact as to who is to be the acknowledged champion swimmer of the world, I am open to swim J. Haggerty, J. J. Collier, E. T. Jones, W. Beckwith, or any other man, the following distances, viz.: Haggerty 100 yards, quarter-mile, or half a mile, the winner of two out of three to take all the stakes; Collier quarter of a mile, one mile, or two miles. This will act as a reply to the challenge issued by Collier in a contemporary yesterday. I will swim Jones the same distance on the same terms as the latter, or Beckwith one mile, two miles, and five miles. Each of these matches to be for £50 a side, and to be swum in open still water—Hollingworth Lake preferred. To show that I only mean business, I have deposited £5 with the *Sporting Life*, London, to bind a match.

I may say that I have so frequently issued challenges without eliciting a reply, that if none of the above-mentioned accept any of these terms they must forfeit their claims to the title, "Champion of the World."

JAMES FINNEY.

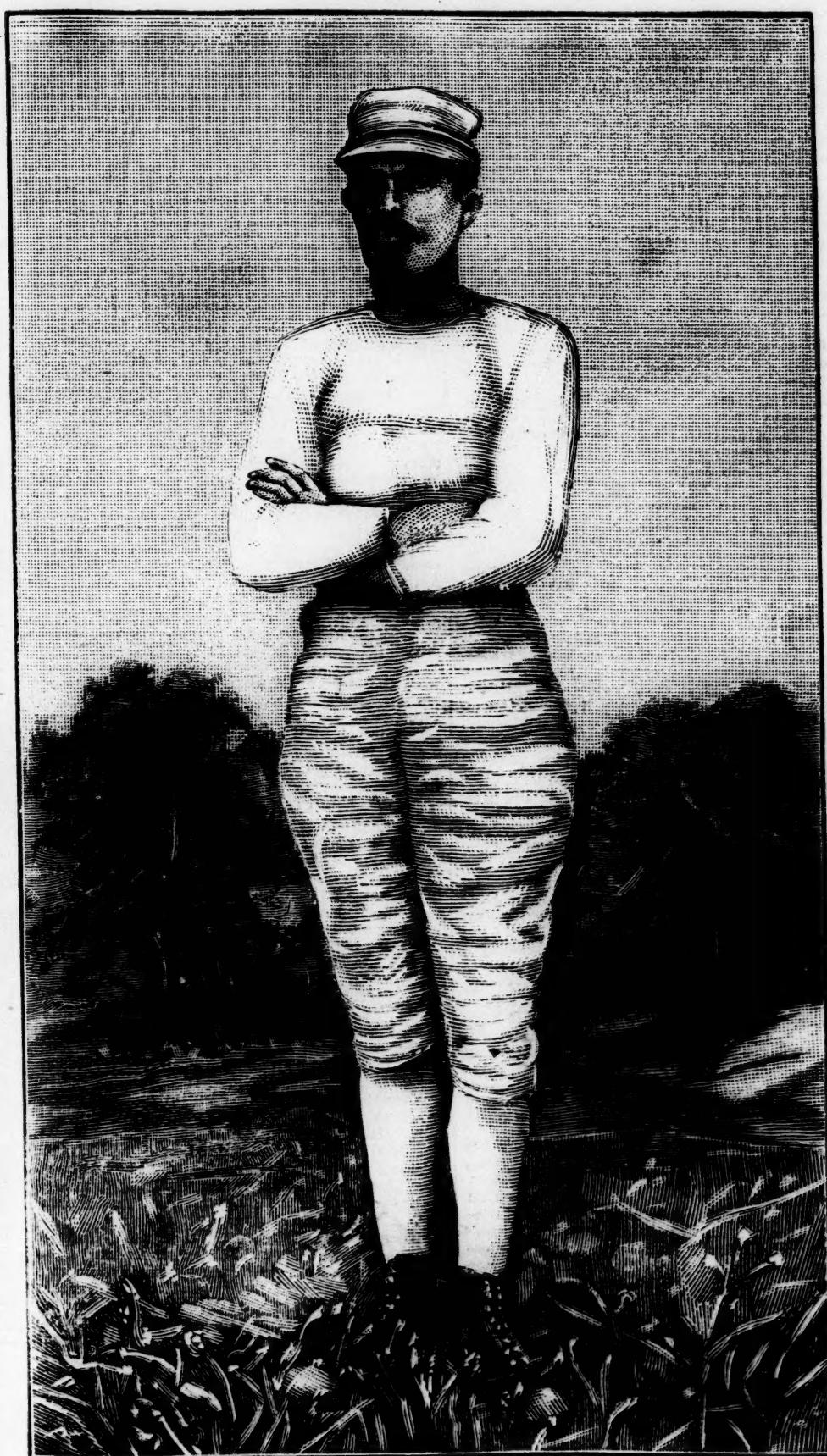
Champion Swimmer of the World (by virtue of holding the *Sporting Life* One-Mile Championship Cup of England, 600 Yards Championship Cup of Scotland, open to the world, and 500 Yards Champion Challenge Cup of Lancashire).

Pat McHugh.

Pat McHugh, the noted pugilist of Fond Du Lac, Wis., stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. He has figured in several prize fights, and is very popular in the Northwest.

Adrian Hitt.

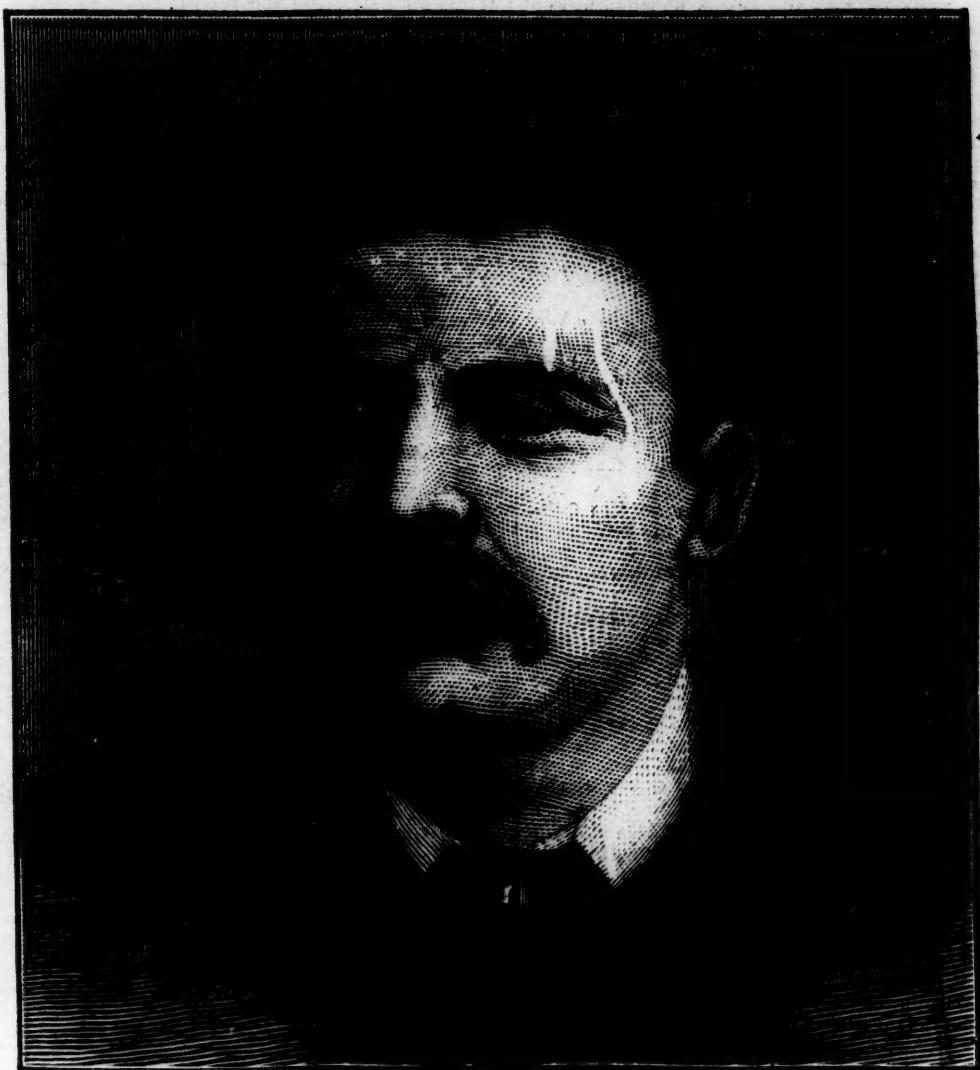
Adrian Hitt started from the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 18 to walk from New York to San Francisco. Hitt is an author and hails from Illinois. He calculates to cover the 3,388 miles.



ADRIAN HITT.

WHO STARTED ON JUNE 18, ON A PEDESTRIAN TOUR FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

[Photo by John Wood.]



PAT. McHUGH.

A NOTED PUGILIST OF FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

[Photo by John Wood.]

SPORTING NEWS.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Where there is any difficulty in obtaining our publications from newsdealers or at railroad depots, send on your subscriptions direct to the publication office, and we guarantee that you will receive them regularly by mail.

The Police Gazette and Week's Doings,

the Greatest Sporting, Theatrical and Sensational Papers in America, sent to any address in one wrapper for three months on receipt of

\$1.50.

The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX. Beware of imitations. Libre discount to agents.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

MERVINE THOMPSON is now with Jerry Dunn.

FARO, a dark outsider, won the Sydney cup in Australia.

YELLO DUCK, 2:20 1/2, by Clark's Mohawk, has been bred to Dictator.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON gave aquatic exhibitions at Central Park Garden, Scranton, Pa., recently.

GUS OLMSSTEAD, of Denver, Col., wants to walk any man in America 50 miles for \$1,000. Where is Meagher?

JIM LAWSON, a colored pugilist, killed Alec Agar in a prize fight on Randwick Race-course, Australia, recently.

THE regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be rowed at Watkins, N. Y., on Aug. 12 and 13.

PETER MANEE, the old driver and trainer, who had his leg broken in a trot at Hudson, is at the New York Hospital and doing well.

JOHN SMITH, better known as "Happy Jack," the trainer, who was recently injured by falling off a train, has recovered from his injuries.

HANLAN has accepted Wm. Beach's challenge to row 3 miles 330 yards, on the championship course on the Paramatta river, for \$5,000 a side.

DICK COLLIER, the English pugilist, wants some sporting man in America to import him to fight Sullivan. Collier stands 5 ft 11 in, and weighs 185 lbs.

THOMAS STEVENS, who started from San Francisco, Cal., on April 22, to ride a bicycle across the continent, is expected to reach this city by the Fourth of July.

AT East Saginaw, Mich., on June 21, Flora Bell, for a purse of \$800, paced a mile to beat the record of the track, 2:14 1/2. She won it in the first trial, making it 2:14.

Since Hanlan arrived in Sydney, six weeks ago, he has been publicly rechristened, lionized, dined and patronized, until the business has become surfeiting.

THE 2-mile foot-race between Edward S. Cleland, of Buffalo, and Daniel J. Hurley, of Pittsburgh, for \$200 a side, took place June 20 at the Driving Park, Buffalo, N. Y.

GENERAL MONROE, the Yonkers (N. Y.) racehorse, will win the Chicago cup on July 6. It is worth \$7,000. The stake is the largest cup-stake ever run for in this country.

O. A. HICKOX, the trainer and driver of St. Julien, says that Jay-Eye-See trotted a mile on the Cleveland track in 2:12, the last quarter being made in 32 1/2, a 2:10 gait.

THE 100-yard swimming match between W. R. Kline and John D. Evans in the Susquehanna, at Wilkesbarre, on June 21, was won by Kline by 20 ft. Time, 11m 40s.

RECENTLY, the steamship Excelsior made the run from this city to New Orleans in 5 days 14h 30m, as reported. This is the quickest passage ever made from here to the Crescent City.

MERVINE THOMPSON's match with Jim Kelly of Indianapolis is off. Duncan C. Ross had to pay for it on account of Thompson's left hand still being rendered useless by rheumatism.

L. D. BLONDELL, the long-distance swimmer of Evansville, Ind., has issued a challenge to all swimmers in the United States to enter a sweepstakes for the championship, each man to put in \$250.

DENIS KELLEHER, late of Philadelphia, who is at present engaged at Daly's Giant's Rest, offers to go into 11, Stoddard rounds with gloves within four weeks; contest to take place in Philadelphia.

JOE SPENCER the English pedestrian started on Feb. 12, to walk against E. P. Weston 5,000 miles in 100 days. On June 7, Spencer completed the task, having walked 5,000 miles. Spencer is sixty-four years of age.

J. PURCELL, at the annual games of the Caledonian Society, of Dublin, Ireland, at the Lansdowne Grounds, won the running hop-step-and-jump with 46 ft 7 1/2 in, which puts in the shade all former amateur records.

SPORTING men of Washington are eager to match twenty-one game fowls to fight a main against Kearney, the odd fight. The main to be fought at Norfolk, Va.

A FOOT-RACE took place on June 21 at the Empire, Wilkesbarre, Pa., between David Edwards and Patrick Ginley for a purse of \$50. The distance was 120 yds. Ginley having 3 yards start. Ginley won by about 8 yards.

THE famous old race-horse, Parole, that was the first American-bred animal to go to England and make the haughty Britons lose their money, is reported to be dangerously ill at the farm of his owner, Mr. Pierre Lorillard.

A "POLICE GAZETTE" athletic club has been recently organized at Gloucester, Mass., with Flury Driscoll, President, and Alex. Sweeney, Vice-president. Meetings are held every Friday evening, at the club-rooms, 35 Western avenue.

VICTOR W. CLOUGH, of Genesee, Ill., accomplished a wonderful roller-skating feat at Chicago recently. He started to skate 100 miles in 10 hours, and surprised the judges, time-keepers and the spectators, by skating 100 miles in 9h 54m 8s.

THOMAS M. MALONE, at Botany, Australia, on May 7, performed a wonderful feat. In the fourth heat of the round of a 150-yard handicap, he ran from the scratch in 14 4-5s. Kemp, alias D. Bligh, 20 yards start, won the heat in 14 3-4s.

THE American team, Messrs. Myers, Waldron, Fredericks and Murray, were banqueted June 14, by the South London Harriers at the Holburn restaurant, London, Eng. Nearly all the leading members of the English athletic clubs were present.

THE "Daily News," New York, says: "The marksmen of Oregon are preparing for a grand time at Portland. Richard K. Fox has presented the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, of that city, with a medal to be shot for at the State tournament."

HARRY WELDEN, who has succeeded J. B. McCormick, "Macon," as sporting editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is making an enviable record for himself as a fearless, intelligent and ready writer on all matters connected with the affairs of his column.

BENNY JONES and James Faulkner are matched to wrestle the best of three falls, Lancashire style, for \$250 a side, the former confining himself to 125 pounds, and the latter at catch-weight, at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, July 19.

WILLIAM COUPE won a match at catch-as-catch-can wrestling with John Hart, for \$100 a side, at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, June 23. Neither man gained a fall, but as Hart refused to continue, the referee awarded the match to Coupe.

WM. EDWARDS, the Australian long-distance pedestrian, has arrived in this city. His sojourn will be brief, as he is on his way to England, where he is entered for several matches. On his return to this country he will walk against Daniel O'Leary at Philadelphia, July 4.

JOE ACTON challenges anybody to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls, for \$100 a side and the championship of the world. He challenges Duncan C. Ross, and will wager \$300 to \$400 on the result, at catch-as-catch-can, Greco-Roman and side-hold styles.

LUKE PHIPPS, who was hanged at Detroit, June 17, for the murder of his wife, was a well-known billiard-player and room-keeper of the old school. He murdered his wife August 19, 1883, because he suspected her of intimacy with his ex-partner in the billiard business, Henry P. Levinson.

THE American Jockey Club has been organized at Chicago with a capital of \$200,000. Hon. S. K. Dow is president; Potter Palmer, Louis Wahle, C. C. Thompson, C. H. McConnell and Washington Hessing are the vice-presidents; C. F. Kimball is secretary, and H. V. Dennis is treasurer.

A WRESTLING match for \$250 a side took place at Orpheus Hall, Bradfurd, Pa., June 21, between Lester L. Burton, of Michigan, and G. Burkhardt, of Buffalo. The conditions were two bouts collar-and-elbow, two catch-as-catch-can, and one square-hold. Burton won three straight falls and the match.

TONY KEARNS, the well-known sporting man and caterer, who is known on every race-track in America, has opened an elegant, well-fitted up sample room at 240 Broadway, near Park place. Kearns had a grand opening on June 25, which was attended by all the lights and luminaries of the sporting, social and political world.

AT the annual championship meeting, at the Aston Grounds, near Birmingham, June 21, Wm. G. George won the mile race in the magnificent time of 4m 18 2-5s, lowering his own former record (the fastest by an amateur) by 1 1/5s, and getting dangerously close to the 4m 18 1/5s of the flying Scotchman, Cummings (professional).

DR. HEIGHWAY, JR., the referee in the Muldoon and Ross wrestling match at Cincinnati, was not capable of filling the position of referee. He was sadly at fault in giving his decisions, and in every instance Ross was the sufferer. If Heighway had understood wrestling rules, Ross, instead of Muldoon, would have been the winner.

AT Mystic Park, Boston, June 25, in the presence of J. B. Barnathy, H. B. Winship, Harry McDonald and others, "Jimmy" Golden drove the black gelding, H. B. Winship, with a running mate a heat, making the fastest time on record. The time for the first quarter was 33s, and the second 30 1/2s, and the third 32 1/2s, and the fourth 32, a total time for the mile of 2:08. Winship's time beats the record made by James Keenan's Frank by half a second.

BARRY WOODS, a well-known jockey, whom F. Theodore Walton engaged in England to ride his horses in the coming summer races at Saratoga, and who arrived in this city from London on June 18, was kicked during the same afternoon in the face by one of his employer's horses at his stables, No. 10 East Fifteenth street, and had his lower jaw badly shattered. He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where several pieces of the bone were removed.

THE great billiard match wherein Roberts conceded Peall 2,000 in 10,000 for a prize of \$100, given by the Aquarium Company, was concluded on June 2, at London, and, as in the case of their former match of \$6,000, Peall with 1,800 points start, the referee of start proved victorious. Just before the game closed the score stood: Roberts 9,25, Peall 9,37. Roberts responded with 146, but it was his last chance, Peall running out in an unfinished 64, a winner by 381 points.

THE Sporting Herald and Theatrical Review, of Philadelphia, June 22, says: "Mr. Wm. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, honored the Quaker City with his presence during the past week. His many friends received him in old-time style, and were sorry at parting. Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the GAZETTE, could not have selected a better man for the position than Mr. Harding, and in so doing showed his undoubted business tact and ability. Among our exchanges, the POLICE GAZETTE ranks A1."

THE amateur athletic championship meeting at Birmingham, England, on June 21, was a notable affair. The weather was splendid, and the 5,000 or more people present were treated to a fine exhibition of fast running and walking. In the mile race W. G. George beat Snook in 4m 18 2-5s, being the best time on record. Week, the American, established himself as a prime favorite by winning the 7 mile walk in 5m 27s, finishing the race 1,000 yards in advance of W. Hyatt, the Nottingham champion. Among the spectators were the American athletes, Myers, Murray, Fredericks and Waldron.

THE six-day race for the female long-distance championship of America ended at Kearn's Monumental theatre, at Baltimore, on June 21. The race was won by Miss Amy Howard, who is known as the "Police Gazette" Female Long-distance Pedestrienne Champion of the World. Miss Howard was entered in the race by Richard K. Fox, and she succeeded in beating thirteen contestants. Miss Amy Howard covered 340 miles; Mme. Tobias came in second, covering 324 miles, and Miss Douglas was third, with 317 miles; Carrie Anderson covered 308 miles, and Belle Kilbury 304 miles.

DAN O'LEARY will give a 6-day race at Chicago during the Democratic Convention week, 7th to 12th of July. The gate money will be divided as follows: First, 30 per cent.; second, 23; third, 20; fourth, 15; fifth, 10, with an extra \$1,000 to the pedestrian who beats Fitzgerald's record of 610 miles. The race will take place in Battery D's Hall, next door to the Exposition buildings. This will be a great week in Chicago, and the winners will certainly do well. Entrance fee is \$50. Entries can be made at this office, or with Dan O'Leary, 395 South Oakley avenue, Chicago, Ill., until Saturday, July 5.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: L. Alanzopania, Doc Baggs, Mr. Calvin, Andre Christol, Wm. Daly, owner of Jogs Ned; Frank Donnell, Miss Annie Duncombe, Bob Farrell, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates (2), H. F. Jacoby, Tom King (2), John Kinlock (2), Geo. W. Lee, Wm. Muldoon (2), Wm. Mantell, Matt. Moore, Michael McCarthy, Prof. McTellian, Young Nixey, John S. Prince, Hugh Robinson (3), John Roonan, June Rankin, Mile. St. Quentin, Dick Stewart, S. Quinlan, Miss Katie Stokes, Happy Jack Smith, Wm. Stoops, J. C. Seymour, Harry Woodson, Prof. Will-Wille.

JERRY MURPHY and Jimmy Kelly appeared at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on June 24, and boxed 4 rounds at the Ancient Order of Hibernian picnic. It is needless to state that they gave great satisfaction and met with a grand reception. They tender thanks, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to J. F. McGrath, T. A. Fleming, Peter McGowan, T. A. Mulville, John Brennan, McC. Conners, P. H. Mulvey and Tom Whalen, of Hoosick Falls, for courtesies extended to them. They are to box July 4 at McKee's Gentleman's Driving Park, Bergen county, N. J.

JAMES A. BROWN, popularly known as "Jim" Brown, at one time one of the best-known sporting men in the city, died on June 18 at his residence, No. 14 East Twelfth street, of consumption. He was born in the Ninth ward, in this city, fifty years ago. During his life he was reported dead eight times. Among his associates were Bill Poole, George Hill and John Morrissey. During the war and for some years after he was the proprietor of a well-known sporting house at No. 510 Broadway, near Houston street. He made and lost many fortunes during his life. He owned a number of trotting-horses. Dandy Jim and his mate, Edmund Forrest, were his favorites.

JIM FRAWLEY, the pugilist, who some time ago fought Charley Norton, at Elliott's Hotel, Coney Island, and then sued for the recovery of the stakes, left his wife at their home in Ravenswood, declaring that he would return no more. A few days ago, however, he was seen loitering about his old haunts penniless and in rags. He was arrested on complaint of his wife, Eliza Frawley, who charged him with abandonment, and his case is now pending in the Justice's court at Hunter's Point. Mrs. Frawley has instituted proceedings in the Supreme Court to secure a divorce from her husband, allying in addition to abandonment, cruelty of the most outrageous description.

THE glove fight between Charley Lange, of Cleveland, and John P. Clowe, of Indianapolis, formerly of Denver, was decided at Indianapolis on June 18. About 300 people bought seats at the park at advanced prices to see the sport. After some tame sparring by home amateurs, Clowe appeared in the ring, accompanied by a heavy weight, who was introduced as Lange. Clowe, who looks to be a mere stripling, played with his antagonist at the start as if he were a baby, and then, to satisfy the spectators, brought the claret to his nose and knocked him down three or four times in quick succession. This was enough for Lange, and in the midst of the third round he laid on the floor, refusing to get up. He finally climbed over the ropes and fled through the wings of the stage. It was reported after the contest was over that Lange did not appear, but that it was his brother.

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office for the past week: D. O'Connell, James McKee, Paterson, N. J.; John Hughes, pedes- trian; Johnny Williams, Edwin Bibby, Dave Fitzgerald, Dennis Kelleher, Joe Fowler, James Corcoran, Thad. McHugh, Gus Lippman, Ed. Mallahan, James Pilkinson, John Woods, Ed. McDonald, Bob Mace, Thos. Duffy, Fort Monroe, Va.; John E. Graham, champion rifle-shot; Police Commissioner Matthews, Frank Stevenson, Wm. Edwards, Australian pedestrian; John Marshall, Birmingham, England; James Patterson, John S. Cunningham, Pay Department United States Navy; Frank Crysler, J. E. Sullivan, Con. Seely, Harry King, E. F. Ames, Harry Brooks, Gus Tuthill, Joe Rosensham, Matsada Sorakichi, A. S. Lazarus, Harry Webb, Jack Burke, Young Nixey, Jack Kilrain, Tim McCarthy, James Keenan, Boston, Mass.; Hugh McCoy, Geo. Young, Joe Stringer, Harry Munson, J. B. McCormack, Enquirer, Cincinnati; O. Thos. Meehan, Fidler Neary, Jerry Murphy, Mike Cleary, Bob Jackson.

THERE is every prospect of an important single-scall race being arranged between P. H. Conley, of Portland, Me., formerly of Halifax, N. S., and Wallace Ross, for \$2,000. On June 22 James Pilkinson called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and left the following challenge:

AT THE Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR:—Having heard that P. H. Conley is boasting that he can outrun Wallace Ross, and believing that the latter can beat any oarsman in the world, I am prepared to match Wallace Ross to row Conley a single-scall race 3 miles and turn for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side. The race to be rowed in six or eight weeks from signing articles on the Oak Point course, New York. To prove that I am in earnest I have posted \$250 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who will suit both Ross and myself for final stakeholder and referee. If these terms suit Conley or his backers I will meet him or his representative any day they may select to sign articles and arrange the race. JAMES PILKINGTON.

AT the "Police Gazette" office, June 23, arrangements were made for a grand amateur regatta, to be held at Oak Point, N. Y., in August, and James Pilkinson will manage the affair. The programme will comprise a single-scall race for juniors; a single-scall race open to all amateurs for the "Police Gazette" cup emblematical of the amateur rowing championship of the world, which trophy James Pilkinson won last year; a pair-oared gig race; four oared shell race, and an eight-oared shell race. The distances in all the races will be one mile and a half with the exception of the race for the "Police Gazette" cup, which will be two miles. The prizes will be gold medals and valuable cups. Entries close July 25 at Messrs. Pilkinson & Nagle's Golden Oar, Harlan. Judging from the programme, amateur oarsmen from all parts of the country will compete in the regatta. Arrangements were also made for a professional regatta which will be rowed at Oak Point on July 4. There will be two races, one for single scull shells, distance 3 miles with a turn. First prize \$100, second \$75, third \$25. There will also be a single-scall (white) working-boat race. First prize \$40, second \$10. Messrs. Pilkinson & Nagle will manage the affair.

A WRESTLING match was arranged at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, on June 26, between Benny

Jones, the noted English catch-as-catch-can wrestler of Philadelphia, and Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler. Articles of agreement were signed for the men to wrestle the best three in five falls, two falls catch-as-catch-can, two falls Japanese style, for \$250 a side. If the match is not decided in the four bouts, the contestants are to toss for the style of wrestling for the fifth bout, which is to be either Japanese style or catch-as-catch-can, American style according to "Police Gazette" rules. Arthur Chambers is final stakeholder and referee. The match is to be decided at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, on Monday afternoon, July 7, at 4 P. M. Richard K. Fox is the backer of the Japanese champion, and Joe Acton finds the stakes for Jones. The latter is considered one of the best wrestlers in the weight in America, and sporting men in Philadelphia are confident that he will defeat the Japanese. The stakes have all been posted

GEORGE HILL and Jack Edwards are to fight near El Paso, N. M., on July 4, for \$1,000 and gate receipts. Hill stands 5 ft 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in, and will enter the ring weighing in the neighborhood of 180 lbs. Edwards stands 5 ft 10 in, weighs 170 lbs, and is more of a veteran in the art of self-defense than Hill, having figured in quite a number of contests. Edwards is in training on the opposite side of the river, at the new Fashion Garden of Paso del Norte, and is under the watchful eye of Johnnie Shay, the old-time trainer. That the match is *bona fide* there's not a shadow of a doubt, the respective backers of the men being determined that the fight shall be won or lost on the merits of the men, and the public may rest assured that no hippodroming will be indulged in.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young and old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address, as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

TO ADVERTISERS.

In future the columns of the GAZETTE will close on Thursday in lieu of Friday as heretofore. Advertisers will please send copy in by Thursday morning or each week to insure prompt insertion for current number.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

REAL ESTATE.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!

Better than Lotteries, than "Margins," than "Futures." Each \$1 doubled within 30 days, and loss rendered impossible.

A NEW CITY BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED.

Hinsdale City, adjoining beautiful Garden City—the "loveliest village of the plain"—and Greedmoor Ridge Range, N. Y. Several thousand building lots, surrounding the city, \$150 each, selling on monthly payments of \$5 per lot, for 15 years. Price advanced \$5 per lot monthly, until present prices are at least doubled. Cottages \$10 monthly for each \$1,000 of cost. Nuisances and shanties prohibited; no malaria, chills, fevers or mosquitoes; climate, soil, drives an surroundings unsurpassed. Building options with purchaser; fair dealing guaranteed; nothing over-colored. Buy for investment, residence or summer home. New York will be

THE FUTURE CITY OF THE WORLD.

Property around it is rapidly increasing in value, and must continue to do so. You enter no uncertain venture by investing in Hinsdale. Prices are low compared with all other New York surroundings; increase certain; prospective value greater than any property equidistant. Hinsdale is 15 miles from New York—35 minutes by rail, and 5 minutes additional by Brooklyn Bridge or Ferry; and the commutation averages 10 cents per trip. It is in the main line of the Long Island Railroad and is the junction for both Garden City and Greedmoor Ridge Range. Improvements proposed, etc., will render Hinsdale an attractive place of abode. Agents wanted of either sex. Circulars, etc., of

R. WILSON, Attorney,
335 Broadway, New York.

A Great Offer! The "Police Gazette" and the *Week's Doings* will be mailed in one wrapper to any address for three months on receipt of \$1.50. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

FRENCH
Photographs from Nature, colored, \$5 per dozen. Gents' Pocket Album, 6 pictures, every \$2.50 each. Transparent Playing cards (52) per pack \$2.50. Books, well illustrated, \$2.50, \$5 and \$10 each. All the above goods are Genuine and Red Hot. By Mail or Express, receipt of Price. N. Y. NOTION CO., 58 Liberty Street, New York.

Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Broadway, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer.

RED HOT BEAUTY UNADORNED PHOTOS. Female Photos, "Dizzy Blondes" for Gents only. They show all. Best out, big sales, save disappointment, and order direct of Drawer 435, Foxboro, Mass., mailed secure 25c.; 3 for 50c.; 10 for \$1.00; sure to suit. Try us.

GENUINE FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHS, Male and Female, taken from nature. Red-hot, in sets of (3), sent by mail for \$1. Genuine fancy pictures, guaranteed. 3 sets, \$2. W. SCOTT, 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

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10 Card-Size Photographs Actresses in tights (not ladies): 10 Cabins, 30c. MCGILL, 304 Henry St., N. Y.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled.

It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of nearly eight million copies.

Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value.

Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence.

Estimates submitted upon application.

A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements \$1.00 per line.

Reading Notices 2.00

Copy for advertisements must be in by Thursday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue.

ADVERTISING RATES IN WEEK'S DOINGS.

Advertisements \$1.00 per line.

Reading Notices 1.00

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

Sample copies mailed upon request.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

EUROPEAN EDITION.

Having completed special arrangements in London, England, over four thousand copies of the GAZETTE and DOINGS are distributed weekly through my London agency, besides the usual mail to all parts of Europe. Advertisers desiring to reach European sporting men have an unprecedented opportunity to do so through these mediums.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,

New York.

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LOOK! LOOK! THE MAGIC

BEAUTIFUL AND SECRET wonders of

nature. Something that every young

man and woman wants. Will magnify

1000 times. This is something en-

tirely new and a Rare Bargain to

those who wish to see the Beautiful in Nature Revealed. Price

25c. 5 for \$1.00 (Silver or P. O. Stamp). A hand-colored

mountain of \$1.00 and over, and receive from observation

many new prices. When not in use its object cannot be de-

ected. With every order we will send free of charge, a New

Wonderful Book, which will surely please you. (Cut this out and send with order.) Mention this paper.

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Box 91, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

The "N. Y. Weekly News," the largest and cheapest weekly published, will be sent from now to Dec. 1, 1884, for 25 CENTS. Greatest offer ever made by a newspaper, containing 12 pages every week. Special sensational articles, sporting, etc. Taken 6 hours to read its 72 columns every week. Every one will find something personally interesting in it. Send 25 cents and try it until Dec. 1st. 25 Park Row, N. Y.

25CTS.

FINE BLACK AND COLORED SILKS In short lengths, None less than 7-8 yds., almost

GIVEN AWAY To those cut out remnants, we will send 6 pieces, all one color or assorted, postage, for 35 cts., 15 for 60 cts., 24 for \$1. No pieces less than 7-8 yds., many much longer. Can be used successfully in making and trimming dresses and other garments. Stamps taken. This appears but once.

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A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once. Address TRUSS & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Patent Binders, Containing Four of the latest issues, for filing the POLICE GAZETTE and WEEK'S DOINGS, can be purchased at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover street.

W. D. Wilson Printing Ink Company (Limited), supply the ink used on this paper, and manufacture every description of printing and lithographic ink. 75 Fulton street; Factory, Long Island City.

Get the Set of Twelve Pretty French Girls, highly colored and in interesting positions, 50c. per three sets, \$1.00. Stamps taken as cash.

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NIGHT SCENES. 25 for 15 cents; 50 for 25 cents. (Very unique.) PEARL CARD CO., Waltham Mass.

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